

ANIMAL COLLECTIVE GEORGIA ANNE & DUDLEY LES SAVY FAV WILEY TURF TALK SWAYZAK

XLRRR

110
SEPTEMBER
2007

ACCELERATING MUSIC AND CULTURE

ANNUAL
STYLE
ISSUE

Wild style vocalist
TIOMBE LOCKHART
and five more
revolutionaries
take R&B to
the next level.

FUTURE SOUL





Bill T. Jones / Arnie Zane Dance Company wears PUMA.

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**"THE ROCKSTAR CREW HAS TURNED THE QUINTESSENTIAL
LO-FI SPORT INTO THE NEXT HI-TECH SENSATION"**

- GQ

"...IT'S EASY TO PICK UP, HARD TO PUT DOWN."

- LOS ANGELES WEEKLY

**"TABLE TENNIS HAS PARTY GAME
WRITTEN ALL OVER IT."**

- GAME INFORMER



ROCKSTARGAMES.COM/TABLETENNIS

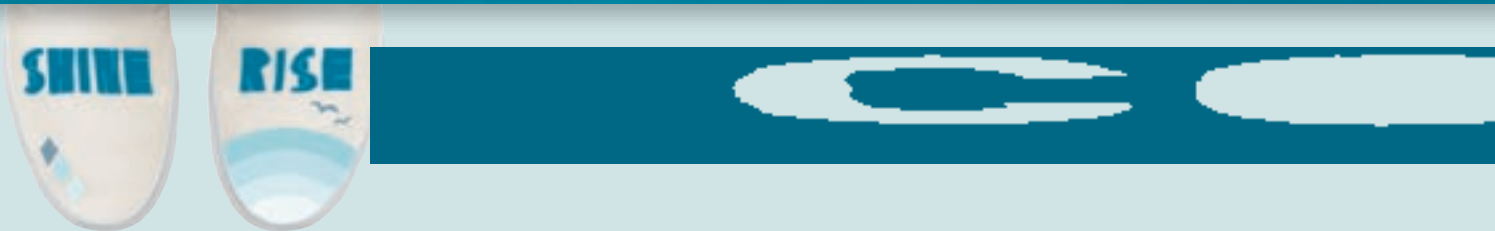






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ISSUE 110

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Photograph by Dirt. For more shots of San Francisco's MASH riders, go to page 36.

TOMMY DEWAR SAYS...

WHEN YOU HEAR A MAN
 SAY
ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN,
 YOU MAY BE PRETTY CERTAIN



HE HAS BEEN DOING SOMETHING
HE OUGHT NOT TO HAVE DONE.



Dewar's
 "White Label"

dewarism.com



DEWAR'S OLD FASHIONED: In the bottom of a rock glass, carefully muddle 1 teaspoon sugar, 2 dashes Angostura bitters, 1 orange slice, 1 maraschino cherry and a splash of soda or water. Take out the orange rind. Pour in DEWAR'S WHITE LABEL and ice. Garnish with 1 orange slice and 1 maraschino cherry. Enjoy the distinguished flavors of this classic cocktail.

ED'S RANT WILD STYLE



Team Hyphy: Tim, Vivian, and Fred, post-deadline paddle-boatin' on Golden Gate Park's Stow Lake (Photo by Ken Taylor)

Seems like just yesterday I was in Golden Gate Park with the *XLR8R* West Coast office, ghost riding a paddle-boat with my stunna shades on. Now I'm back here in New York, rolling around the floor on my desk chair to the twisted techno stomp of Turf Talk's new Yay anthem "I Got Chips." I love its burbling and gurgling sound, with E-40 rhyming at top speed like he's got marbles in his mouth, and the driving, synthetic string vamps evoking a cartoonish darkness like the haunted mansion scenes from *Scooby-Doo*.

While Turf makes the soundtrack for the new Bay, hyphy followers are giving it a larger-than-life look, as oversized, bubbly, and skewed as the music itself. Eric K. Arnold, a Bay Area writer who has basically become the go-to scribe for the scene, not only finds out what makes Turf tick in this issue, but also gives us a close-up on what they're rocking out there.

Since this is our style issue, we asked one of the most compelling frontmen in indie rock, Les Savy Fav's Tim Harrington, for some sartorial inspiration. Harrington is known for having more costume changes than Beyoncé, from pirate uniforms to capes and underwear to jumpsuits with internal organs drawn on. Harrington, a RISD grad, has a way of somehow making everything just fit, so Andrew Parks took him to Brooklyn vintage store Beacon's Closet for an impromptu fashion show. Meanwhile, Harrington—who owns home-accessories company Deadly Squire with his wife, Anna—whipped us up some graphic design for the piece as well.

And who could forget our cover stars in the future soul scene? If neo-soul weren't such a corny term (and not already used to describe the likes of Jill Scott and Jaguar Wright), it would be appropriate for the kind of stuff that Tiombe Lockhart and Dudley Perkins are making. This is far-out futurism, with Lockhart melding new wave and no wave together with silky soul vocals, and Perkins and partner Georgia Anne Muldrow traveling to other musical dimensions as they usher in the next Age of Aquarius. Style for miles.

Elsewhere in this month's issue, we check in with London's self-appointed Godfather of Grime, Wiley, and find out how he's revitalized his career by overseeing the next generation of young, hungry British MCs. (Check our Incite CD for an exclusive Ickid freestyle.) We also talk *toile* with Scottish designers Timorous Beasties, serve up the stories behind the styles in our round-up of the fall's best t-shirts, and find photographer Shawn "Muddy" Brackbill getting spooky in the woods of Westchester, New York in our fashion shoot. Look out.

- Vivian Host, Editor

STAFF

CREATIVE DIRECTOR

Brianna Pope (brianna.pope@xlr8r.com)

EDITOR

Vivian Host (vivian.host@xlr8r.com)

MANAGING EDITOR

Ken Taylor (ken.taylor@xlr8r.com)

SENIOR DESIGNER

Tim Saputo (tim.saputo@xlr8r.com)

DESIGN AND PRODUCTION

Audrey Kell (audrey.kell@xlr8r.com)

ONLINE MANAGING EDITOR

Jennifer Marston (jennifer.marston@xlr8r.com)

RICH-MEDIA EDITOR

Bryant Rutledge (bryant.rutledge@xlr8r.com)

ONLINE ASSOCIATE EDITOR

Fred Miketa (fred.miketa@xlr8r.com)

SENIOR WRITER

Toph One (redwine@xlr8r.com)

VIDEOGAMES EDITOR

Ryan Rayhill (ryan.rayhill@xlr8r.com)

COPY EDITOR

Frances Reade

EDITORIAL INTERNS

Ross Holland, Cameron Octigan

STAFF WRITERS

Eric K. Arnold, Sarah Bentley, Derek Beres, Nick Chacona, Roy Dank, Martin DeLeon, Matt Earp, Rob Geary, David Hemingway, Max Herman, Ross Hogg, Justin Hopper, Josiah Hughes, Brandon Ivers, David Katz, Jason Leder, Luciana Lopez, Monty Luke, Cameron Macdonald, Robbie Mackey, Fred Miketa, Peter Nicholson, Tomas Palermo, Brion Paul, Brock Phillips, Mark Pytlik, Dave Segal, Jesse Serwer, Evan Shamoon, Philip Sherburne, Rachel Shimp, Patrick Sisson, Scott Thill, Josh Tonnissen, Janet Tzou, Tony Ware, Rico Washington

CONTRIBUTING WRITERS

Aaron Ashley, Marty B, Anna Balkrishna, Tyra Bangs, Michael Byrne, Joe Colly, Allura Dannon, Stacey Dugan, Mike Dunleavy, Joshua P. Ferguson, Will Fewell, Derek Grey, Ross Holland, David Katz, David Ma, Steve Marchese, Piers Martin, James Mayo, DougMorton, Bruno Natal, Andrew Parks, Alexander Posell, Mosi Reeves, Chris Sabbath, Dusty Saguaro, Eric Smillie, Velanche Stewart, Will Tobin, Roger Thomasson

STAFF PHOTOGRAPHERS

Christopher Glancy, Morgan Howland, Paul O'Valle, Dustin Ross, Christopher Woodcock

CONTRIBUTING PHOTOGRAPHERS

Eric K. Arnold, David Bowen, Shawn Brackbill, Georgina Cook, Emily Elizabeth, Mari Horiuchi, Peter Z. Jones, Melanie Klein, Martei Korley, Katherine Levin, Andrew Parks, Spiro Politis, David Sauvage, Ragnar Schmuck, Mathew Scott, Matthew Taplinger, Ken Taylor, Andy Whitton, D. Yee

STAFF ILLUSTRATORS

Chuck Anderson for No Pattern, Derek Morris for Trophy

CONTRIBUTING ILLUSTRATORS, DESIGNERS, AND STYLISTS

Animal Collective, Kyle De Tella, Tim Harrington, Erynn Mackenzie, Mike Paré, Wendy Meiling Yang



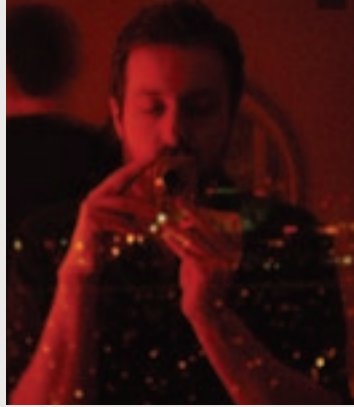
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CONTRIBUTORS



DUSTIN ROSS

After a two-year hiatus, the trio of Waajeed, Tiombe Lockhart, and photographer Dustin Ross reunited in Ft. Greene, Brooklyn to shoot this month's cover story on the hottest July day of an already sticky New York summer. When they realized that their chosen "studio" had no air conditioning, heads were lowered, sweat was swat, multiple fans were flipped on, and what you see is what was got. Dustin credits a steady combination of beer and mimosas for beating the BK heat.

www.dustinross.com



MATHEW SCOTT

Photographer Mathew Scott was born and raised in Portland, Oregon. He later moved to San Francisco where he attended the Academy of Art. He still lives and works in the Bay Area, always traveling around with a camera at his side. For this month's issue, Scott shot hyphy artist Turf Talk in the East Bay. His work can be found in the Upper Playground book *Backyard Shakedown* and in *Vice's* photo issue.

www.mathewscott.com



VALISSA YOE AND MAD MARIETTA

New York natives Valissa Yoe (right) and Mad Marietta take readers into their hallucinations as they style this month's fashion shoot, *My Little Monster*. Yoe—who looks like Jessica Rabbit come to life—is a clothing designer who concocts sweet, sultry dresses, while strobe-light stalker Mad Marietta has been known to breathe life into beautiful nightmares with her bare paws, turning innocent charms into accessories of chaos.



DIRT

Dirt is a member of San Francisco's MASH SF cycling crew, and his exclusive photography from behind the scenes of filming the *MASH* DVD is featured in this issue. Dirt originally hails from Reno, Nevada and now lives in San Francisco where he works as a bike messenger, takes black & white photos, and drinks Bud tallboys. He has been snapping photos since the age of 16.

STAFF

PUBLISHER/EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Andrew Smith (andrew.smith@xlr8r.com)

ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER

Roy Dank (roy.dank@xlr8r.com)

WEST COAST ADVERTISING SALES

Kelsey Guntharp (kelsey.guntharp@xlr8r.com)

EAST COAST ADVERTISING SALES

Ethan Holben (ethan.holben@xlr8r.com)

MARKETING AND SPECIAL PROJECTS MANAGER

Kerry McLaughlin (kerry.mclaughlin@xlr8r.com)

ADVERTISING AND MARKETING INTERN

Megan Carson

ACCOUNTING MANAGER

Jamie Kochan (jamie.kochan@xlr8r.com)

CIRCULATION MANAGER

Jennifer Marston (jennifer.marston@xlr8r.com)

SUBSCRIPTIONS

Fred Miketa (subscribe@xlr8r.com)

OPERATIONS CONSULTANT

Michael Prommer

CO-PUBLISHER

Arias Hung

ADVERTISING:

Dial 415.861.7583, fax 415.861.7584, email advertising@xlr8r.com, or mail XLR8R Magazine, 1388 Haight St. #105, San Francisco, CA 94117.

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CIRCULATION:

Newsstand distribution through Curtis Circulation. For direct retail sales, Jennifer Marston at 415.861.7583 x226 or jennifer.marston@xlr8r.com.

CONTACT US:

San Francisco Main HQ: 1388 Haight St. #105, San Francisco, CA 94117;
New York Office: 350 Seventh Ave. #1504, New York, NY 10001;
letterbox@xlr8r.com, fax 415.861.7584

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Got something to say? Love us? Hate us? Write us at letterbox@xlr8r.com or send mail to *XLR8R* Magazine, 1388 Haight Street #105, San Francisco CA 94117.



June/July Issue #108



August Issue #109

We're All Just Playas of the Games

Hey *XLR8R*

I know it's standard in music mags these days, but why in the world do you guys need to include videogame coverage? Just because someone likes electronic music made with electronic gadgets doesn't mean they live with their mother and/or get off on slaying imaginary dragons with a joystick.

Stewart, via the web

Keith and Me

Thank you for not falling for the CMH/OCD Records con-job [referring to our review of Dr. Octagon's *Return of Dr. Octagon* on OCD International some time last year—*Ed.*]. I can't believe they turned around and made a global-warming propaganda PSA. Crazy. Anyway, I'm available if your magazine needs more info.

Thank you,

Fanatik-J [Kool Keith collaborator]

Ken Responds: We don't know who or what to believe regarding the weirdness behind the so-called second Dr. Octagon album. But plenty of people around have done mad research to try to get to the bottom of it all. We recommend reading the "Kool Keith CD Scam Exposed" story in the September 27, 2006 edition of the *East Bay Express*, if you care to venture back that far.

Art School Confidential

I have to say, the design of your mag overall keeps getting better and better. In particular, the psychedelic illustrations in the "What Is It?" section are sick, as was the entire "Labels We Love" cover story—nice clean layout, interesting color combos, etc. Keep it up!

Kate Willis

The Lone Drummer

I have to say, you fools are pretty good at promoting all types of electronic music, and your coverage of dubstep has been tight, but where is the drum & bass love? The scene is still alive and needs some props.

Dominic, NYC, NY

Go Smart!

Dear *XLR8R*,

I've been faithfully reading your fine magazine for over 5 years, and the idea for this letter to you has been marinating in my mind for quite a while now. Overall, I wish *XLR8R* would step it up on an intellectual level—find some writers that want to dig deep not just from a news/journalistic stance, but perhaps a music-theory/cultural-theory one as well. How does this music work in a broader cultural context? What kind of minute changes are occurring in the song structures? Your readers aren't dumb, we can handle it.

Sincerely,

Brian T., via the web

CORRECTIONS:

Contrary to what was reported in issue #109 ["Labels We Love"], Holy Fuck will not be releasing an album with Paper Bag Records.



XLR8R'S "FASHION RULES" CONTEST

Offerings from Triple 5 Soul, Gelaskins, and your favorite record labels round out our fall prize pack.

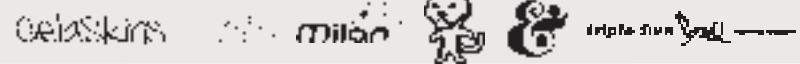
Fashion disasters—they happen to the best of us. Just look back at your high school yearbook and you're likely to have had a few yourself. Well, this is finally your chance to make those painful memories pay off. Let *XLR8R* and our friends heal a few old wounds by lacing you with a full outfit from Triple 5 Soul; an iPod Gelaskin featuring So-Me's special Justice artwork; and copies of Justice's *†* (Vice), The Politik's *The Politik* (Milan), D*I*R*T*Y Sound System's *Dirty Space Disco* (Tigersushi), and Prins Thomas' *Cosmo Galactic Prism* (Eskimo) CDs.

All you've got to do to redeem yourself and snag these awesome prizes is send us a pic of your worst fashion disaster, then or now (along with a current shot of yourself to prove your identity). The most mind-blowing photograph takes the cake below.

One female and one male winner receive: A full outfit from Triple 5 Soul, a copy of each of the CDs listed, and a Justice Gelaskin.

Two runners-up receive: A copy of each of the CDs listed and a Justice Gelaskin.

Entries will be accepted via standard mail and email. Entries must be received by September 25, 2007. Send your pictures, address, and clothing sizes (designating male or female) to *XLR8R*'s "Fashion Rules" Contest, 1388 Haight St. #105, San Francisco, CA 94117 or email contest@xlr8r.com with "XLR8R's Fashion Rules Contest" in the subject line. The fine print: Actual prizes may differ from images above.



www.triple5soul.com, www.gelaskins.com, www.vicerecords.com, www.milanrecords.com, www.tigersushi.com, www.eskimorecordings.com

Debating with a fool is like spitting on a fish, it's best not to bother.



www.onitsukatiger.com

BJ "BITTER" BASTARD'S WHICH-ARTIST-ARE-YOU? STYLE QUIZ

Everyone knows that musical taste and style go hand-in-hand, especially people who write randomly unfunny SurveyMonkey.com quizzes. In the throes of a personality crisis, our own Bitter Bastard decided to take such a test. Here are his results:



Which artist are you?

1. WHICH ARTIST(S) OF A BYGONE ERA DO YOU MOST RESEMBLE, STYLE-WISE?

- a) Os Mutantes
- b) Boyz II Men
- c) Glam-era Brian Eno
- d) Ambient-era Brian Eno
- e) Genesis P-Orridge

2. WOULD YOU RATHER WEAR:

- a) Leather pants
- b) Gold chains
- c) A jumpsuit
- d) Vegan pants
- e) Matching outfits

3. THIS SONG LYRIC BEST REPRESENTS YOU:

- a) "That's why they call me Secondhand Rose"
- b) "Bury me in some Evisu jeans"
- c) "You've got style/That's what all the girls say"
- d) "My Adidas cuts the sand of a foreign land"
- e) "He's a dandy in the underworld"

4. YOU OWN:

- a) a fake Byzantine ring
- b) a grill
- c) a fake Gucci hoodie
- d) a real anything from Hot Topic
- e) a mullet wig

5. A TYPICAL SHOPPING TRIP INCLUDES A STOP AT:

- a) Urban Outfitters
- b) Mr. Alan's
- c) agnès b.
- d) the t-shirt section of the Virgin Megastore
- e) Joe's Army Surplus

6. _____!

- a) "Totes awes"
- b) "Say whaaat?"
- c) "Shite"
- d) "Hot"
- e) "Shreddin"

7. YOUR MAIN MODE OF TRANSPORTATION IS:

- a) 1978 GMC Vandura
- b) Cadillac Escalade
- c) vintage Italian fixie
- d) skateboard
- e) kicks, straight-up

8. YOUR LAST VISIT TO SALON/BARBERSHOP/BATHROOM RESULTED IN:

- a) a bit off the ol' mopypy fringe
- b) a flat-top fade
- c) a Chelsea
- d) a Teddy Boy/Duck's Ass combo
- e) a full shave

9. ON YOUR HEAD AS YOU READ THIS:

- a) fedora or bowler
- b) New Era cap
- c) see-thru visor
- d) day-glo headband
- e) a plain old hood

10. YOU CALL YOUR SIGNIFICANT OTHER:

- a) don't. Pet names are so retro/sexist.
- b) Wifepiece
- c) Hey you
- d) My boo
- e) Trollface

TALLY YOUR POINTS.

For each "a" choice, give yourself one point; for "b" give 2, and so on... Now total them up.

CONGRATULATIONS!

You are:

10-15 – Arcade Fire:

You have a flair for the finer things of the past. Get yourself a moustache and a penny-farthing and pedal your way to coolness, post-haste!

16-25 – T.I.:

Your appreciation for life's riches is unequalled. And you know how to treat the ladies.

26-35 – Klaxons:

You are full of youthful exuberance but are prone to a bipolar sense of style and too much neon.

36-45 – Girl Talk:

You are also full of youthful exuberance but are prone to a bipolar sense of style and too much neon.

45-50 – Sunn O))):

A true dandy, you don't bow to the pressures of media, advertising, or society. Your style is ruled only by reason and practicality.

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RITA J

A NEW-SCHOOL FLY GIRL BRIDGES THE GAP BETWEEN IMAGE AND INTELLIGENCE.

Unlike many of her indie hip-hop peers, Rita J isn't a huge fan of nostalgia. And that goes for her music and her life as a whole. "I don't dwell on the past," says this up-and-coming hip-hop MC. "I like the past—I think it gives you perspective for the future—but I just keep it movin', man."

A genuine free spirit, Rita left her native Chicago, and her hometown crew Family Tree, in 2005 without much of a game plan. Unsatisfied with her first pit stop in hurricane-prone Miami, Rita moved north to sunny Atlanta. What's kept her in the ATL is not solely music—it's the creative spirit running through the city.

"Atlanta is a place for me to focus and just be grounded," says Rita, who, in addition to connecting with the local hip-hop underground, has fulfilled a passion for fashion and modeling since befriending several Atlanta-based designers and photographers. "I just wanna be expressive in any way possible, so if I can convey my energy through pictures, hair or whatever, I'm down with that," she says.

As a forward-looking lyricist, it's ironic that Rita has found solace in the epicenter of trap rap and instructional club bangers. "At first, the whole shiny-suit club scene really got on my nerves," recalls Rita. "It seems like it's almost gotten worse, but at the same time, I'm kinda over it. This is what they're gonna give the people but I can't let that hinder my growth."

While penning her debut album, *Artist Workshop*, in both Chicago and Atlanta, Rita reserved a few tracks to examine the shallowness of the rap game—particularly to put stereotypes of black women to rest. On the uplifting anthem "Asses Shakin'," she bluntly calls out near-naked music-video models and female rappers by asserting on the chorus, "So many fake tits and tracks/Where's your self esteem?/Wake up/Bring it back." The album also reveals an enigmatic side to Rita J, especially on the progressive, synthy funk jam "Paranoid"—a bizarre, yet oddly catchy, song about her distrust of others.

"I try to take it to that next step and not just do the 'A-B-C, 1-2-3,'" she says. "Even some old-school rap is not dope to me because it's just too simplistic. It's just too easy. I like to catch something that you may not catch on the fly. Or you have to listen to it a couple times and then you'll be like, 'Oh, wow! I didn't even realize he said that.'"

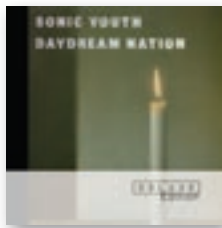
Rita J's *Artist Workshop* is out now on All Natural Inc.
www.allnaturalhiphop.com



No Age: Randy Randall (left) and Dean Allen Spunt

FEEDBACK LOOP

The weirdo rippers of No Age salute Sonic Youth's seminal *Daydream Nation*.



The sparse yet sprawling feedback-damaged pop of No Age's *Weirdo Rippers* is a surefire sign that Sonic Youth's guitar-rock statement, 1988's *Daydream Nation*, has stood the test of time, its influence still echoing 20 years later. Upon the release of the *Daydream Nation Deluxe Edition* double-disc reissue, we asked No Age guitarist Randy Randall to pen a few words on the record's impact.

Randy Randall on *Daydream Nation*:

I remember there being a very clear line in my adolescent discovery of music, from Nirvana's *Nevermind* to Sonic Youth's *Daydream Nation*, and I never wanted to go back after that point.

Wet, dripping, melting, crammed in the corner of my room; this is how I first heard *Daydream Nation* one scorching summer afternoon, and I couldn't accept that it was really supposed to be musical in any way. It shook the foundation of what I thought music could be. It took my young brain three long summer months to finally accept the message that this record was drilling into my mind: Guitars should be loud, and threaten to break your speakers and

ears as they deliver sickly sweet pop masterpieces.

Daydream Nation has always been a fever dream of teenage punk anthems delivered via warped grooves. It's one of the best wholly conceived Sonic Youth records, containing stand-out flip-your-wig jewels like "Teen Age Riot" and "Eric's Trip." I was recently hipped to the idea that "Teen Age Riot" was written about Dinosaur Jr., which, when you listen to the lyrics "You come running in on platform shoes/With Marshall stacks," makes complete sense. Sonic Youth has never been a group to hide its inspirations, and they are on full view on *Daydream Nation*: The screaming guitar melodies of Dinosaur Jr. and slashing psychedelic riffs of Red Kross come across loud and clear.

This deluxe edition could not come at a better time, with amazing bands like Comets on Fire and Deerhunter pushing the sonic boundaries that were first cracked by *Daydream Nation*. The record stands as an important marker separating two distinct eras of Sonic Youth's ever-EVOLving musical journey. The move from sonic explorations and layered deconstruction to '60s-influenced pop structures is documented as a royal rumble, a no-holds-barred fight within the span of 73 minutes. Nearly 20 years later, *Daydream Nation* still stands as a monument of fuzz and blissful blasts of pop hooks and mesmerizing layers. Hurray for the men and women of Sonic Youth who broke the minds of the masses!

No Age's *Weirdo Rippers* (FatCat) and Sonic Youth's *Daydream Nation Deluxe Edition* (Geffen-Universal) are out now.
www.myspace.com/nonoage, www.sonicyouth.com

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BEAUTY AND THE BEASTIES

Glaswegian design duo Timorous Beasties puts a dark spin on the classics.

It's not hard to pick out the Timorous Beasties boutique from the chip shops and seedy tea rooms surrounding it in the commercial section of Glasgow's Great Western Road. Even in the context of the city's hip West End, the Scottish superstars of design would stand out with this clean, white shop, set back a few yards from the street like an amused sibling. It's this confluence of classic, high-brow sensibilities with contemporary urban aesthetics that has made TB's Alistair McAuley and Paul Simmons the darlings of the product design world.

Just inside 384 Great Western Road, fabrics hang from the ceiling: prim and proper laces in flowery patterns; shadowy red- and blue-colored fabrics and wallpapers; lampshades slung over art-deco lights. But look closer, and the prim turns grim—that's not a rose at the center of the Devil Damask, it's Satan. Those flowery lampshade patterns aren't daffodils, but microscopic views of moths and insects. And while Toile de Jouy, a classic 19th-century textile, typically depicts scenes of pastoral and agrarian life, the Beasties' London and Glasgow toile patterns show a more contemporary British life. "Factories eventually began creeping in [to the 19th-century style]," says long-time Beasties collaborator and employee Sally Johnston. "Our [prints], of course, are a bit more modern, with junkies, prostitutes, and goths."

The Toile series has made the Beasties a household name in design circles, giving them the prestige and drive to open a second showroom in Clerkenwell, London. Nonetheless, the Beasties remain egalitarian, reflecting Glasgow's love affair with design. "People are much more aware of design now," says Johnston. "They know Timorous Beasties, and they want to get a wallpaper, or fabric for [covering furniture]—people want a little piece of it all." *Justin Hopper*

www.timorousbeasties.com

Timorous Beasties'
Devil Damask Flock
in black on charcoal
from the Flock Range
wallpaper line, 2007.



*Josh Howard, Team Jordan
jumpman23.com*



EARN RESPECT THE REST WILL FOLLOW

	DRUMS	KICK	BASS	FX	TRIA	STR	VOX	GC	OVER
POLY HEAD	✓	✓	✓	✗	✗	✗	✗	✗	✗
STRANGERS	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✗
HÄMMERTH	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✗
SPACEMAN	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✗
ENT, SLEEP	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✗



Words Brandon Ivers
Photo Melanie Klein

PRINZHORN DANCE SCHOOL

SILENCE AND OBFUSCATION DRIVE THE STRIPPED-DOWN POST-PUNK OF DFA'S NEWEST SIGNING.

If Prinzhorn Dance School were in charge of this article, it probably wouldn't be very long. In fact, chances are this piece would be nothing more than a quote, a picture of the band holding some farm equipment, and a lot of white space. Not because the Brighton pair, who call themselves Suzi Horn and Tobin Prinz, have nothing to say—they just harness the power of saying very little.

Compared to mainstream pop music's trillion-layer approach, Prinzhorn's minimalist, self-titled debut on DFA sounds like a perverse mental experiment. Their sparse instrumentation consists of nothing more than a bass, a couple drums, and stabs of vocals and guitar, meticulously pieced together with precise gaps of nothing. Suzi Horn claims that "it's nice to have space to drift in and find your own sounds—[like] the wobblerly bit that follows the tom," but maybe something more sinister is at work here. (The band's name *does* come from Dr. Hans Prinzhorn, a German psychiatrist famous for showcasing his mentally ill patients' artwork.)

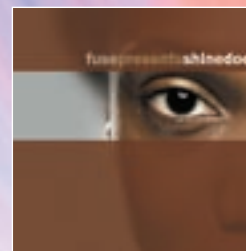
"I like the process of thinking about sound and noise and how they fit together," says Tobin Prinz, who carries out most of the band's vocal duties. "I'm just trying to make visual things with an audio process, which is impossible in a way, and that's probably why I like it—it's an unattainable thing that I can obsess about."

Horn, the band's bassist, shares Prinz's controlled enthusiasm. "We make charts to see how the songs work and how we can make them better. We probably worked for two days tuning the kick before we even mic'd it, then a day moving the mic!"

No wonder Prinzhorn ended up working with DFA's similarly obsessive James Murphy. After the duo recorded most of their album in an isolated barn in Sussex, they sent a demo to the label stapled together with carpet underlay. Soon after, they found themselves in New York, mixing at Murphy's Plantain Recording House. "I have a lot of respect for James [and] the way he worked on the record," says Prinz. "It was always going to be hard because we work in isolation. And it *was* difficult at first, but soon the mixes began to work. I'm so happy with how the record sounds."

As to be expected, Prinz and Horn didn't answer questions about their favorite bands, their love life, or what cereal they ate that morning. "There isn't much more to know, and even if there was, not knowing is the best bit," claims Prinz. "We go into an old building and make noise late into the night. [We] scream and fight and drink vodka and send the masters to DFA and they put them out as records. That's what we do."

Prinzhorn Dance School is out now on DFA Records/Astralwerks.
www.prinzhorn-dance-school.com, www.dfarecords.com



SHINEDOE
Fuse Presents Shinedoe CD/2x12"

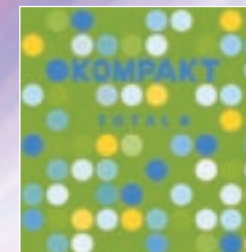
If mixing is about dropping the right tracks at the right time, then you would be hard-pressed to find a better collage of classic and cutting-edge techno than on **Shinedoe's** contribution to the *Fuse* series — a breathtaking mix featuring **DJ Bone, Ron Trent, Gui Boratto** and **Underground Resistance**.



UUSITALO
Karhunainen CD

Vladislav Delay's (**Luomo**) third release under his **Uusitalo** moniker showcases his true roots as a rhythm passionista, drum collector and cutting-edge techno — a true percussion freak. With its deep-rooted loyalty to **THE RHYTHM**, *Karhunainen* is a gorgeous, unique dance record.

UUSITALO



VARIOUS ARTISTS
Kompakt Total 8 2CD/3LP

It's summertime at Kompakt, which means the release of another installment of their legendary *Total* series, compiling shining musical moments from the past year, exclusives and a peek into the future, with tracks and remixes by **Burger/Ink, Michael Mayer, Jörg Burger, Reinhard Voigt** and many others.

KOMPAKT



TROY PIERCE
Gone Astray CD/2x12"

From the cornfields of Indiana to Berlin, **Troy Pierce** (**Louderbach**) has remixed artists as diverse as **Ellen Allien** and **The Knife**, and now he unleashes *Gone Astray*. With its disorienting bleeps, metallic snares and messed-up vocals, this is abstract techno, refreshingly free from the genre's linear constraints.

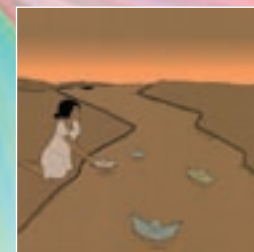
MINUS



FENNEZ
Hotel Paral.lel CD

Remastered reissue of **Christian Fennesz's** debut solo album from 1997 — a landmark work of freeform techno noise, sliced techno beats and ambient textures investigating the sonic possibilities of guitar-based electronic music. Appended with one bonus audio track and a video by **Tina Frank**.

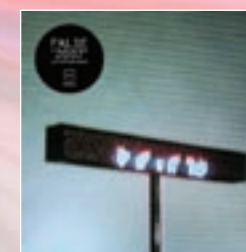
EDITIONS MEGO



HELIOS
Ayres CD/LP

Boston-based multi-instrumentalist **Helios** has been showered with acclaim for his gauzy, cinematic sound-poems. On *Ayres* he debuts his voice, which he combines with other deceptively simple elements to evoke the electronics of **Brian Eno** and the songwriting heart of **The Innocence Mission**.

Type



FALSE [A.K.A. Matthew Dear]
2007 CD

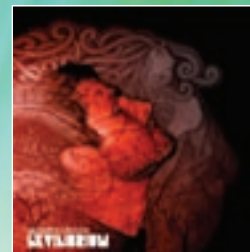
Second full-length release by world-class DJ & producer **False** (aka **Matthew Dear, Audion**), a dance record of such stunning intricacy, verve and substance that it's already being hailed as *the* techno album of 2007; equal parts pensive minimalism and electro-shock therapy.

MINUS



SHIR KHAN
Maximize! 2CD

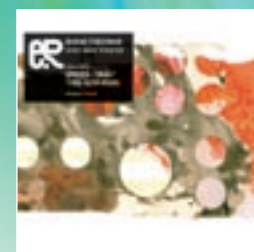
Recently hyped in *Urb's* "Next 100" list of 2007, **Shir Khan** is making waves with his uncompromising mixing style running the gamut from acid disko to crunk and baile funk. *Maximize!*, his first official mix, features tracks from **Simian Mobile Disco, Busy P, Justice vs. Gambit, Edu K** and dozens of others.



VALGEIR SIGURDSSON
Ekvilibrium CD/LP

Fans of everything from **Brian Eno** to **Telefon Tel Aviv** will fall in love with the debut solo record by producer **Valgeir Sigurdsson**, with guest vocals by **Bonnie "Prince" Billy**. Sigurdsson had a significant hand in the creation of **Björk's** *Vespertine* and *Medulla* albums, as well as seminal releases by **Bonnie "Prince" Billy** and **Cocorosie**.

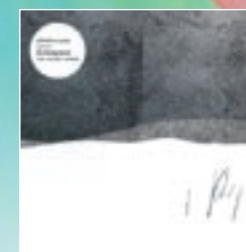
Bluebird



BURNT FRIEDMAN
First Night Forever CD/2LP

With a storied musical past working with everyone from **Atom Heart** (as **Flanger**), **Jaki Liebzeit** (**Can**) to his own **Nu Dub Players**, **Burnt Friedman** returns with a unique, sexy collection of songs that combine electronic and acoustic instruments with vocal contributions by **Spacek, Enik** and others.

Nonplace



DEEPCORD PRESENTS: ECHOSPACE
The Coldest Season CD/4x12"

The first full-length release by the collaborative venture of **Deepchord's** **Rod Modell** and **Soultek's** **Steve Hitchell**, *The Coldest Season* is the most significant contribution to the dub-infused aftermath of **Basic Channel** and **Chain Reaction** in years, a virtually bottomless low-end techno masterpiece.

MODERN LOVE



QUIO
Phiu! CD

This Berlin-based singer and MC's sophomore release (produced by **AGF**) is a multi-faceted, vibrating mixture of hip-hop, techno and pop, featuring guests that reflect her eclectic influences and styles: **Nicolette, Edu K, Al Haca, Audiotaxi, Lise** and more.

AGFproduktion

These titles available at fine independent record stores or online at www.forcedexposure.com
Retailers: request wholesale information from fe@forcedexposure.com

Wild thing

Sometimes that one extra accessory is all you need...

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by Ghostly, \$49
www.ghostly.com

2. Avery Coonley House Money Clip
by Frank Lloyd Wright, \$30
www.moma.com

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by QuikSilver, \$79
www.quiksilver.com

4. "Cubes" T-Shirt
by Good Shape Design, \$25
www.goodshape.com

5. "The Block" Watch
by Nixon, \$90
www.nixonnow.com

6. Bowery White Glove
by Rome SDS, \$85
www.romesnowboards.com

7. Striped Sweatshirt
by Stüssy, \$70
www.stussy.com



1



2



3



7



6



5



4



8



10



11



9



12



15



13



14

8. Power Rangers Mega Mission Helmet
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www.bandai.com

9. "From Dusk 'till Dawn" T-Shirt
By LRG, \$38
www.l-r-g.com

10. "Dark Bark" Wallet
by DB Clay, \$48
www.dbclay.com

11. Roll Up Shades
by Durkl, \$7
www.durkl.com

12. Gingham Sweatshirt
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www.stussy.com

13. "Bat Pant"
by Süssey, \$58
www.stussy.com

14. "It's Electric" Gloves
by Zoo York, \$15
www.zooyork.com

15. "The Dude" Shades
by Sabre Vision, \$85
www.sabrevision.com

CALVIN HARRIS

A SCOTTISH SCALLYWAG INDULGES IN KYLIE-APPROVED DISCO POP.

"Was it Isaac Hayes? Giorgio Moroder? I can't remember..." As you might expect, 23-year-old DJ/producer Calvin Harris is catching a bit of flack for calling his debut album *I Created Disco*. And, on the phone during his first UK tour, he nervously racks his brain trying to name the person who *actually* invented the genre. "[The title] is a bit of a lie," he confesses sheepishly. "It definitely wasn't me!"

With its hyperbolic title, *I Created Disco* suggests an overblown DJ-artist album, full of useless breakdowns and tired samples, drowning in its own pretension. Instead, what you'll find is a smart and very self-aware record that takes on lame stereotypes and teases them out using the same pop formulas that have suited Daft Punk, LCD Soundsystem, and early Basement Jaxx. "Maybe I'm just boring and crap at making music, which is why every song sounds the same!" jokes Harris, who hails from Glasgow. "All of the songs were done before I could even dream of getting a record deal. When I finally signed a deal they said, 'Okay, where's the album?' and I was like 'Oh, I've got enough songs for an album, I'll just put them all on a CD. I spent maybe three or four years writing songs in my free time.'"

It's very obvious that *I Created Disco* was written in Harris' spare time, not because it sounds lazy, but because it sounds like he had fun making it, as if each track is him throwing a party for himself. A perfect example is "Girls," the record's first single, which hinges on a disco-funk sample of a man detailing his favorite kinds of girls (black girls, white girls, Asian girls)—eventually you realize that he likes them all. "It's a fictional theme," laughs Harris. "I don't get all the girls. And as with most of my songs, the lyrics are secondary. It's more about the music than any sort of truth in lyrics."

Apparently, this pop sensibility is paying off, since Kylie Minogue—herself not a stickler for lyrics—recently recruited Harris to produce music for her upcoming album. "They just phoned me up and said, 'Hey, do you want to do some songs with Kylie?' Two weeks later we were working on them, which was all very bizarre. We wrote about six songs, and apparently they pulled them from a massive list of hundreds of tracks, so fingers crossed that they make it on the album."


Calvin Harris' *I Created Disco* is out now on Almost Gold Recordings.
www.calvinharris.tv





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MASHED UP

Spills and thrills with SF's epic track-bike crew MASH films their new DVD.

After three years of dedication from co-directors and videographers Mike Martin and Gabe Morford, San Francisco's fixed-gear mafia MASH SF will finally release their *MASH* DVD this month. As Martin's and Morford's guerrilla-style camera work (two cameras on scooters, skateboards, cars, and bikes) and the riders' talent rapidly improved throughout filming, the two cut out early footage in favor of superior newer scenes—as a result, the project took longer than anyone expected. "Everything kept getting better and better," Martin explains, "and we wanted it to be epic so, in that process, we ended up spending a lot of time on it."

The crew will spread the gospel worldwide at mid-September premieres in Los Angeles, New York, and Tokyo. In the meantime, check these snaps from MASH rider Dirt, who shot his co-stars on the streets of San Francisco. *Brianna Pope • Photos by Dirt*
www.mashsf.com

Gabe Morford films Andy Peterson riding, shot from the Hubba Hideout Bridge.



Andy Peterson takes a break from riding.



MASH co-director/videographer Mike Martin



Jonathan Burkett



Travis Poe works on a bag for his Freight Baggage line in his North Beach workshop.



Rob Solimo gets ready to shotgun a beer before a long ride.



MASH co-director/videographer Gabe Morford



John Igei laments a spill that destroyed his bike.



Demarco with his son, Amani.

ALICE RUSSELL

BRIGHTON'S KINDER, GENTLER DIVA RINGS IN THE NEXT GENERATION OF BRITISH BLUE-EYED SOUL.

The voice is unmistakable as it answers the phone: slightly nasal but with depth to it, a touch raspy, and colored with an ever-so-British accent. It belongs to Brighton-based soul chanteuse Alice Russell, who's home for a while, and enjoying a well-deserved respite from a touring schedule that has taken her from Australia to Holland to the U.S. Unfortunately, she explains, her rest is a short one. "On Friday we're going to Paris again. I've just been looking and the flights are all ridiculously expensive, so it's gonna be a crazy one. Road trip, baby!"

Russell is equally as playful and freewheeling a vocalist as she is a traveler, moving effortlessly from high-pitched and gritty funk calls to deep jazz croons. Her versatility and adventurousness shine through on all her releases, from her original full-length *My Favourite Letters*, to the dozen or so tracks she's made with multitalented labelmate Quantic and his Soul Orchestra (many of which appear on two compilations of her work, *Under the Munka Moon I and II*). She's currently working on a second album, again recorded by redheaded production whiz Alex Cowan (a.k.a. TM Juke), that's due out at the end of the year.

Drawing on a recent rediscovery of David Axelrod and tons of old soul, the new LP sounds to be a steady progression of Russell's already accomplished work. "For a lot of people, [soul is] black American music from certain places," explains Russell, who, with her rosy

cheeks, blonde locks, and azure eyes, is the very definition of blue-eyed soul. "For me soulfulness is just a love of what you do and trying to get that expression out. Soulful music is truthful music with genuine honesty in it."

Russell is the real deal, and the industry is taking note. Thanks to a recent backstage encounter, she struck up a promising friendship with drummer Questlove and The Roots. "I recently just went and got up with them at the Black Lilly event in Philadelphia," she boasts, having performed alongside the band and prominent Philly vocalists like Jill Scott and Ursula Rucker. In addition Russell has forthcoming releases with New Zealand dubsters Fat Freddy's Drop in the pipeline, and is keeping her fingers crossed for an appearance on the forthcoming Massive Attack LP.

The breadth of her past, current, and future collaborations begs the question: Are there any other contemporary artists she'd like to work with?

"To be honest, I still wanna do some stuff with Will [Quantic], but he's moved to Colombia so if we wanna do that I have to find a little holiday in my spare time. Mr. Questlove, I'm still trying to hunt him down. Prince? Stevie Wonder?" She laughs. "Hey, they're only people!"

Alice Russell's *Live in Paris DVD (Tru Thoughts)* is out now. www.alicerussell.com, www.tru-thoughts.co.uk



WRITTEN, WORD

A trio of new books looks back on hip-hop's salad days.
Words Jesse Serwer



BOOGIE DOWN REFLECTIONS

If hip-hop only attracted DJs, rappers, breakers, and taggers, it might have quickly disappeared; in the '70s, those activities were largely ephemeral, leaving little in the way of a permanent record. **Born in the Bronx: A Visual Record of the Early Days of Hip-Hop** (Rizzoli New York; hardcover, \$45) instead tells the story of hip-hop's pre-'80s "baby steps" through the work of photographer Joe Conzo and party-flyer designer Buddy Esquire. The scrapbook-style book (edited, curiously, by punk historian Johan Kugelberg) also includes essays from Afrika Bambaataa, JDL and Grandmaster Caz of the Cold Crush Brothers, Popmaster Fabel, and others, as well as a Bronx history timeline by *Can't Stop Won't Stop* author Jeff Chang. Robert Moses, eat your heart out. www.rizzoliusa.com

B-BOY DOCUMENT

Any b-boy or -girl can quote from the 1983 film *Wild Style* but how many can explain why the mural from the climactic East River Amphitheatre scene is completely different than the one that leading man Zoro (Lee Quinones) paints there in the scene immediately prior? Director Charlie Ahearn's **Wild Style: The Sampler** (powerHouse; hardcover, \$35) breaks down all the behind-the-scenes twists that resulted in the creation of hip-hop's most pivotal film. In addition to Ahearn's own crystal-clear recollections, *The Sampler* offers first-person accounts from Quinones, co-writer Fab Five Freddy, and Grandmaster Caz, among others, as well as Ahearn's own brilliant photographs. A to the K? A to the muthafucking Z! www.powerHousebooks.com

CLIQUE NOTES

An expanded version of 2005's self-published *Rakim Told Me* **Check the Technique** (Villard; softcover, \$16.95) represents former *XXL* "Classic Material" columnist Brian Coleman's latest attempt at penning liner notes for every classic rap album from the early '80s to the mid-'90s. While some choices are odd (no Gang Starr albums make the cut, but DAS EFX's *Dead Serious* does), Coleman delivers the straight dope on everything from the Geto Boys' gruesome *We Can't Be Stopped* album cover to how Kurt Cobain's suicide altered the course of The Roots' *Do You Want More?!?!?! LP*. Classic toilet-reading material. www.waxfacts.com, www.villard.com



Blondie and friends walk onto the set of the "Rapture" video while *Wild Style* stars Lee Quinones and Fab 5 Freddy paint in the background (Photo by Charlie Ahearn, 1981, from *Wild Style: The Sampler*)

GOOD STUFF

A few of Oliver Mak from Bodega's favorite things.

Steps from Newbury Street and the Christian Science Plaza in downtown Boston is an unassuming bodega, with toilet paper stacked in the windows and coolers full of water and pop. But inside, a metal door slides open to reveal a hidden streetwear emporium, stocked with North Face's Purple label, Acronym, Ms. Claw, and Schwipe, as well as the usual crop of special releases from Nike, Puma, and Adidas. This is Bodega, opened in May 2006 by Jay Gordon, Dan N., and Oliver Mak, a trio obsessed with secret societies and cults, records, and listening to digitized tapes of the *Stretch & Bobbito* radio show (check konstantkontakt.blogspot.com). We caught up with Mr. Mak-sippin' on "shorty juice" and still recovering from the melee caused by the Vans x Simpsons release (which sold out in 20 minutes)—and asked him what's hot in Beantown. *Tyra Bangs*
Bodega is at 6 Clearway St., Boston. www.bdgastore.com



KENJI NAKAYAMA

Photographs of Kenji's pieces rarely do them justice. Ranging from installation to canvas work, Kenji's ominous visuals are the product of hundreds of hand-cut stencil layers. His art hits street-art fetishists and city dwellers on an emotional level.
www.kngee.com



HEARTHROB DVD (\$10)

Hearthrob is one of the best parties on the East Coast right now and it's right here in Boston! Redd Foxx, Baltimoroder, Morgan Louis, and company drop original edits and bring top talent to this bi-monthly banger, which gives Revolver and Misshapes a run for their money. A true face-melter for all seasons.
www.myspace.com/heartsomilky



IF PURSUIT BIKE (\$10,000)

Handcrafted in Somerville, MA, Independent Fabrication's are some of the finest concept bikes in the world. The bike pictured, which is on display at Bodega, was voted the "Best Track Bike in the World" according to the North American Handmade Bicycle Show. Two wheels good, four wheels bad. R.I.P. Gordon Riker.
www.ifbikes.com

ENGINEERED TO DESTROY



www.mishkanyc.com

QUIO

THIS BERLIN MC IS MISUNDERSTOOD... AND COULDN'T BE HAPPIER ABOUT IT.

Don't call her "hip-hop." Don't ask her what it's like being a female MC. And search for evidence of her German-ness at your own risk. Ina Rotter (a.k.a. Quio) has little interest in the categories we use to make sense of the world. She prefers to be taken "unseriously." That's just as well, because her sophomore album, *Phiu*, is profoundly silly. Seriously.

"I'm really into things that stay open for other people to decide what they mean," Quio (pronounced "key-oh") says. "Misunderstandings can create something new, something surprising." The misunderstandings come fast and furious, right from *Phiu*'s opening track, "Bratwurst," which Quio overloads with cliché German cultural references to Kraftwerk and Hitler. "*My cultural disconnection?! A permanent infection/My heritage?! My image?! Threw it in the sewage!*" she raps, as African-American writer Darius James (author of *That's Blaxploitation!*) struggles to shout out German words in his American accent.

"I just never found myself anywhere in typical German culture," Quio says, explaining her distaste for rapping in her native language. Ever since she took her first handle, MC Looney Tunes, public in 1997, she has found language a touchy subject. "In Germany, the hip-hop scene is really happy to be independent from the American scene, and people can get really pissed off when you rap in English. But I never really considered myself as being from hip-hop in that way," she adds. "Once you say you're hip-hop, then you're in the shits, because then there's this armada of people coming to tell you what to do. And I don't really like people telling me what to do. Therefore I try to deny the definitions that are being used to control us."

Quio need not fear stereotyping. Not many MCs bring their children into the studio, as she does on "Chilaine," a sunny dub with a warm acoustic guitar melody titled after her three-year-old son's imaginary friend. What's more, Quio's abilities leap from fierce, like the rhymes she delivers over duo Audiotaxi's tech-y beats and rushing string-orchestra samples on "Rising Tide," to fragile—check the vocals she lays over "I Jump"'s deep, atmospheric bass and spare rhythms, courtesy of producer Antye Greie (a.k.a. AGF).

Known for her experimental albums, AGF distills the catchier, dancier elements of her style as *Phiu*'s executive producer, aiming, she says, "to accept repetition and things which are just pop but are still interesting and surprising." Quio and AGF bonded in 2000 over a shared love of dancing to 2-step. They first collaborated on Quio's boisterous debut LP, *Like Oooh!*, on which Quio compares herself to Mother Goose over glitchy hip-hop and drum & bass tracks.

By comparison, *Phiu* feels smoother, more intense, and—dare I say—more serious, an impression Quio is only too happy to seize upon. "That the album seems darker maybe proves finally that I am German, for the Germans were known in the old days for being deep and somehow dark." Confusing? That's just how Quio likes it.

Quio's *Phiu* comes out September 22 on AGF Produktion. www.quiolikeoooh.com





Soil & Pimp at the Garden Festival



Exit Festival



Exit Festival

SLAV TO THE RHYTHM

The Exit and Garden music festivals alter states in the former Yugoslavia.

At the **Exit Festival** (July 12-16) you never know what's around the next corner. Quite literally. This year, there were 15 different stages crammed into every conceivable nook and cranny of the vast Petrovaradin fortress complex, which overlooks the Danube River in Novi Sad, Serbia. On Saturday night, a survey of the grounds revealed 30,000 people raving to Frankie Knuckles in a drained moat on one end and Serbian hip-hop group Beogradski Sindikat rocking a home crowd high on a hill on the other, with everything from Balkan death metal to gypsy folk to drum &

bass in between. To some, the number of different genres represented will come as less of a surprise than the fact that there's a festival here at all. Serbia and the Balkans are still fixed in many people's minds as a former war zone following the brutal conflicts that tore the former Yugoslavia apart in the 1990s. While Exit was borne out of that era—beginning as a protest against Slobodan Milosevic in 2000—it has since become one of the largest festivals in Europe and is emblematic of the new spirit of hope in a region genuinely rising from the ashes.

Speaking of finding things in unusual corners of Eastern Europe, *XLR8R* also checked out the second year of the **Garden Festival** (July 6-8) in Croatia. Although this country's beautiful coastline means its tourism industry has recovered quicker than that of its former enemy, it's hardly the first place you'd expect to find this kind of boutique festival. Dwarfed by Exit in size, but certainly not in atmosphere, Croatia's first international dance music festi-

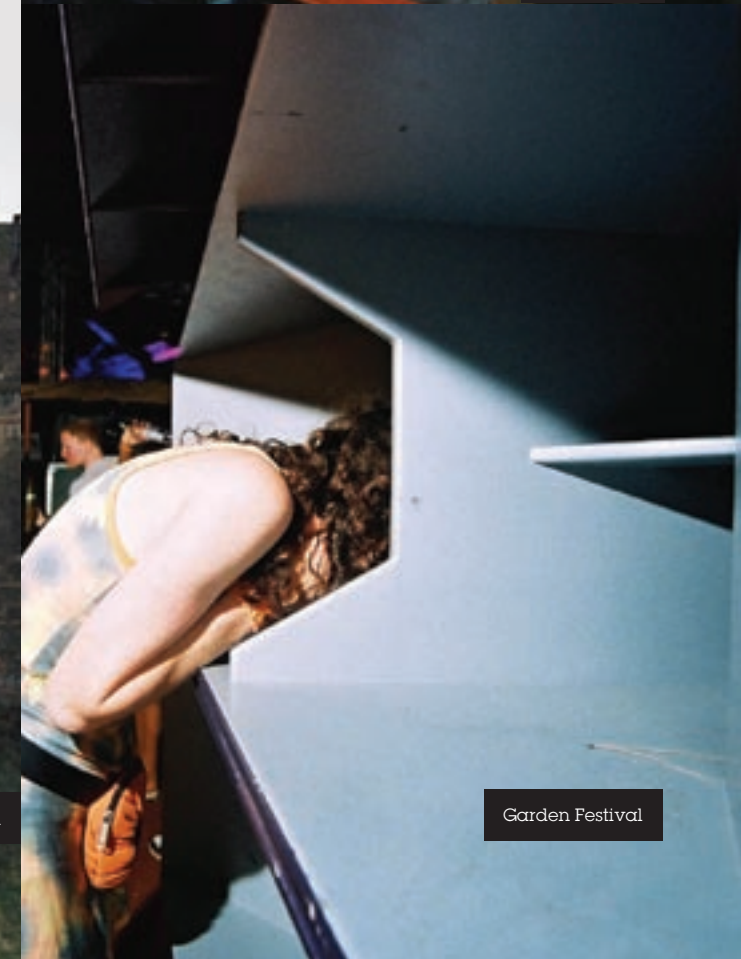
val drew a few thousand people, who danced *al fresco* to nu-jazz stalwarts Mr. Scruff, Rainer Truby, and Domu in the fishing village of Petrcane, and set sail on boat parties as the sun set on the glistening Adriatic—and, hopefully, the Balkans' troubled history. *Paul Clarke • Photos by David Bowen*
www.exitfest.org, www.thegardenzadar.com



Exit Festival



Exit Festival



Garden Festival



WHAT IS IT? KRAUTROCK

Serious fun on the Autobahn of freaky sound.

When critics use “Krautrock” as a descriptor, they usually mean the mesmerizing motorik rhythms pioneered by Can and Neu!, as exemplified by “Mother Sky” and “Hallogallo,” respectively. Awesome touchstones for a genre, but they represent merely a tiny fraction of the music that emerged from Germany during Krautrock’s Golden Age (1968-1974).

Krautrock is a hydra-headed beast and, at its best, it consists of some of the most synapse-singeing sounds ever laid down. Influenced by American/Anglo rock—yet detached from it, and bursting to free themselves from the country’s shameful Nazi past—post-war German musicians imbued rock with an eccentric, often fantastical/*kosmische* [cosmic] perspective that brazenly departed from traditional sounds. “We were trying to put aside everything we had heard in rock ‘n’ roll. We had the urge of saying something completely different,” Faust’s Jean-Hervé Peron once told *The Wire*. Not coincidentally, hallucinogens back then were stronger, too.

Krautrock’s zenith can be heard in the best material by Can, Neu!, Faust, pre-*Autobahn* Kraftwerk, Cluster, Harmonia, Popol Vuh, pre-*Phaedra* Tangerine Dream, and Amon Düül, as well as in the peaks of about a dozen other artists not discussed by Julian Cope in his 1995 survey/manifesto, *Krautrocksampler*. Many works by these artists have become crucial components in the hipster canon and have influenced enough bands to fill several years of Coachella lineups.

For example, Cluster’s early LPs have had a profound impact on industrial music’s brainier practitioners, about half the Kranky Records roster, and ambient-guitar savants like Fennesz and Eluvium. Mid-period Cluster albums like *Zuckerzeit*

and *Sowieso* helped to pave the way for electro pop, while the gentle cosmic mesmerism of Harmonia (Cluster with Neu! guitarist Michael Rother) influenced Brian Eno’s forays into deep-space ambient music (and coaxed him into collaborating with Cluster’s Moebius and Roedelius).

Some of Krautrock’s most compelling output has sprung from groups with pronounced jazz and improv-jam elements: Embryo, Dzyan, Brave New World, Wolfgang Dauner and his *Et Cetera* project (whose *Et Cetera* is one of the greatest albums ever). And when it comes to infusing spiritual beauty and poignancy into exploratory rock and making New Age (uh-huh) a conduit to the deity of your choice, Popol Vuh and Deuter are unrivalled. Ask Werner Herzog.

Finally, Krautrock’s Big 4 deserve all the hype lavished upon them. Kraftwerk’s first three albums yielded unique amalgams of *musique concrète* and psychedelic experimentation that anticipated post-rock by two decades. Faust invested a Dadaistic spirit into a befuddling array of approaches, including drone (see the track “Krautrock”), whimsical pop, and collage. Neu! excelled at both gorgeous, glistening stasis and hypnotic propulsion that birthed one of the most satisfying rhythms ever (the aforementioned motorik). And Can is simply the greatest band ever when they’re on, which was nearly *always* from ‘68-’76. Their bold excursions into mantra-like rhythms, innovative textures, and spellbinding melody have actually *improved* with age—a testament being their song “Vitamin C,” which has become a breakdance staple. *Dave Segal • Illustration by Trophy*



A still from Daft Punk's *Electroma*

ROBOT ROCK

Daft Punk's android duo delivers a stylish, if sleepy, cult film.



After a cool reception following its limited North American release this summer, *Electroma* (Vice Records, \$19.99), the feature-length movie written and directed by Daft Punk's Thomas Bangalter and Guy-Manuel de Homem-Christo, will be released straight-to-DVD this month.

The slow-paced and dialogue-free 73-minute art-house film focuses on two robots (played by Peter Hurteau and Michael Reich) and their botched attempts to resemble humans in a suburban Californian town. No music by Daft Punk is used in the film. Instead evocative songs by Todd Rundgren, Brian Eno, Chopin, and Curtis Mayfield convey the robots' dreamy dislocation as they drive, then walk, through a desert landscape.

Critics panned the flick's plodding narrative and naïve homage to heavyweight directors such as Kubrick and Tarkovsky, but *Electroma's* surrealist qualities and fetishistic attention to detail warmed the hearts of some midnight moviegoers, leading French theatres to extend the run of this stylish, existential sci-fi quest.

This isn't Daft Punk's first stab at cinematography. In 2003, they teamed with Japanese animator Leiji Matsumoto for an animated musical, *Interstella 5555*, and directed a number of videos for their last album, *Human After All*. *Piers Martin*
Daft Punk's *Electroma* is released on DVD September 3. www.daftpunk.com



Crystal Logic by Megan Whitmarsh. One of 10 new designs by 10 guest artists to celebrate our 10 year anniversary. Available FALL 2007. For more info check out www.thequietlife.com



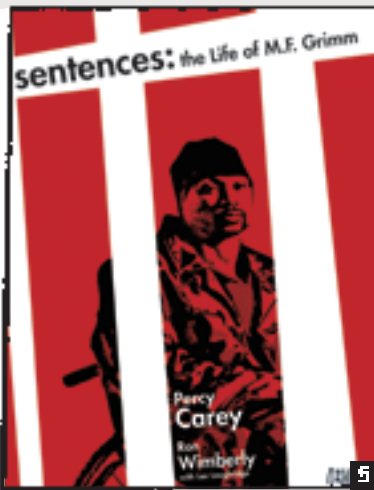


SPIN CYCLE

News and gossip from the music world.

Girl Talk goes topless in *Playgirl*? Yep, that's right, our tiny indie music world's own Gregg Gillis pared down for the beefcake mag in their "Man of the Year" June issue. He didn't pare *all* the way down, mind you, "Because I figured my overwhelming natural physique would melt the minds of [*Playgirl*'s] readers," he cautioned. GT is currently on the road with Dan Deacon and White Williams through the end of the month. • On July 7th (that's 7/7/07), Brooklyn saw the return of **Boredoms**, but with a new addition: 77 more percussionists. The **77 Boadrum** performance took place at Brooklyn Bridge Park and featured the likes of **Black Dice**'s **Hisham Bharoocha**, **Lightning Bolt**'s **Brian Chippendale**, **Oneida**'s **Kid Millions**, and **Andrew WK**. Hit up YouTube for some great clips of the 77-minute show. • **KRS-One**'s son, Randy Hubbard Parker, 23, was found dead in his Atlanta apartment from an apparent suicide. His mother, Simone Parker, claimed that her son had suffered from severe depression. • Experimental indie/bass label **Brooklyn Beats** has set up shop on the information superhighway. Cop their (and other labels') new digital releases at www.applecoremailorder.com. • It's official: **Jona Bechtolt**

(a.k.a. **Yacht**) has quit **The Blow**, the K Records duo he fronted with Khaela Maricich. • Toronto's **Broken Social Scene** isn't just a stage-packing crew of multi-instrumentalists. They're also label consultants/curators. The first release in their *BSS Presents* series (a partnership with the Arts & Crafts label), BSS co-founder Kevin Drew's *Spirit If*, is out this month. • Indie electro-pop sensation **Patrick Wolf** is to be featured in Burberry's Fall campaign, photographed by fashion-photog extraordinaire **Mario Testino**. • You loved it the first time around—and it didn't even smell or look like a candy bar! Here's your second chance to sink your teeth into **MF DOOM**'s *MM Food* (Rhymesayers), now reissued and repackaged in scratch-and-sniff foil with an added poster, sticker, and DVD of live footage. • A year ago **Blake Robin** borrowed \$25,000 to put out his records, shoot some videos, and tour the UK with his band **Luxxury**. After licensing a song to a Pontiac ad, he just broke even. • In July, DIY online T-shirt shop **Threadless** teamed up with J-Pop-electro god **Cornelius** for a contest based around his recent release, *Sensuous*. Cornelius fans submitted their designs and the winner took home a cash prize, a Motorola ROKR, and a Therman! • For his



10th anniversary with Jive Records, **E-40** released his first DVD, *The Best of E-40: Yesterday, Today & Tomorrow—The Videos* (Jive/Legacy), with 15 clips spanning 1993-2003. Old school. • This fall, keep an eye out for a hot new collab between NYC graf artist/fashion designer **CLAW Money** and Nike. The Blazer should be pretty easy to spot, with CLAW's three-taloned insignia featured prominently. • Hip-hop's known for its cartoon violence, so why not render it in comic-book form? If graphic novels are your thing, check out *Sentences: The Life of MF Grimm* (Vertigo; \$19.99) by Percy Carey and Ronald Wimberly, and famed tattoo man **Mister Cartoon**'s second book, *The Lost Angel: Skid*

Row Stories, Vol. 1 (Time Warner Books; price TBA). • 365mag.com reports that, according to a Lebanese news website, terrorist organization Fatah al-Islam, in response to recent Lebanese government actions against them, directly threatened to kill DJ **Tiësto** if he performed in Beirut on July 2nd. He went ahead with the performance as planned. C'mon, evildoers! You can't kill trance that easily.

1. Girl Talk
2. Patrick Wolf
3. Blake Robin of Luxxury
4. Mister Cartoon
5. Sentences: the Life of MF Grimm
6. DJ Tiësto



- 1. FEDERATION "GO HARD OR GO HOME"**
This song is a 707 anthem. Play it at a party and watch 'em go nuts...
- 2. TIMBALAND "GIVE IT 2 ME"**
The drums are dope as fuck and Nelly Furtado is one sexy beezie.
- 3. FEDERATION "COLLEGE GIRL"**
It's a tribute to the smart and nasty beezies.
- 4. CASHIS "LAC MOTION"**
This is a song for all the real gangsta macks, like myself.
- 5. 50 CENT "TO THE BANK"**
Gotta love an asshole who feeds his people.
- 6. HOT DOLLAR "STREETS ON LOCK"**
A dope-ass record. It makes me wanna go grab my biggest gun and do the Runnin' Man.
- 7. FEDERATION "18 DUMMY"**
Hyphy done fucked around and got a hold of some steroids.
- 8. FEDERATION "GO DUMB"**
We been doin' this shit since 2004. Check the records!
- 9. SNOOP DOGG "L.A. ZOO"**
When I play this song I feel like slappin' the shit out anyone who ain't from the streets.
- 10. SELAU "A MAN THAT GOES"**
This song describes what a real Bay nigga is made of. Sexy gangsta shit.

Federation's *It's Whatever* (Reprise/WEA) is out now. www.federationmusic.net



havaianas





SOUL

Unpredictable



NEO-SOUL GETS FLIPPED AND FRIED BY VOCALIST [TIOMBE LOCKHART](#) AND HER PLATINUM PIED COHORT [WAAJEED](#).
WORDS RICO "SUPERBIZZEE" WASHINGTON
PHOTOS DUSTIN ROSS
STYLING WENDY MEILING YANG

“If you wanna know what Tiombe’s album is going to be like, this should give you a good idea,” says Waajeed. In the background, Tiombe Lockhart wantonly shakes her copper coiffure to the sounds of seminal no-wave duo Suicide careening from an old school Select-o-matic turntable.

Even if you muted the stereo, you’d still stand a damn good chance of piecing together Lockhart’s aesthetic—at least, if her apartment is any indication. Random thrift-store finds and other oddities adorn her eclectic flat: dismembered baby-doll heads fashioned into armrests, a medieval mace on the wall, Japanese flags as sofa throw covers, an artillery shell suspended from the ceiling, a 12” of Prince-tutored girl group Apollonia 6’s salacious 1984 hit “Sex Shooter” in the corner.

By music-industry standards, the bizarre visual/aural collage of Lockhart’s life could be perceived as “left-of-center.” As a young, black female vocalist, Lockhart should be affecting a glossy video vixen posture for an anesthetized 106 & Park audience, and singing hooks for the latest Top 10 rapper. But self-expression and individuality are not for sale on Lockhart’s watch. “Part of what I love and hate about Tiombe is that it’s about Tiombe,” affirms Waajeed. “She’s not one of these dumb bitches where you write the song, tell her how to sing it, and you put her on stage with tits and ass out.”

“I don’t have a problem with tits and ass,” retorts Lockhart with a sly grin.

PIPER AT THE GATES

Lockhart’s sound has largely been defined by Waajeed and partner Saadiq’s production collaboration, Platinum Pied Pipers. In 2004, PPP dropped a formidable buzz-track trifecta with the hip-hop-inflected R&B singles “Your Day Is Done,” “Stay With Me,” and “I Got You” (the latter two featuring lead vocals by Lockhart) and the trio embarked on extensive international tours in anticipation of the release of their debut full-length. *Triple P* was nominated as album of the year by UK soul tastemaker Gilles Peterson at his BBC Radio 1-sponsored 2005 Worldwide Music Awards, and grassroots pundits like ?uestlove sung the group’s praises from the mountaintops. In layman’s terms, these are usually good omens that you’re on to something pretty stellar.

Her success with the Platinum Pies notwithstanding, Lockhart has been constructing a musical mystery over the past year and a half that may strike some PPP fans as a little odd. Why tamper with a winning recipe? Waajeed offers a bit of insight: “Tiombe has always come with her own style and attitude. I feel like, in some ways, PPP has kind of stifled that. [PPP] was more of a PG-13 thing.” Although *Triple P* was a family

Tiombe wears dress by Wendy Meiling Yang for Maiden Hong Kong.
Waajeed wears (previous spread) hat by New Era Authentic Collection, glasses by Cazal, shirt by Lemar & Dauley, jeans by Levi’s 501, custom sneakers by Grand High, and his own chain; and (next spread) army surplus jacket, pants by PRPS, buttons by Bling47, and his own hat.



“NO ONE CAN KNOW WHERE I’M COMING FROM,
EXCEPT FOR ME.”



"SHE'S NOT ONE OF THESE DUMB BITCHES WHERE YOU WRITE THE SONG, TELL HER HOW TO SING IT, AND YOU PUT HER ON STAGE WITH TITS AND ASS OUT."

affair, with featured guest spots from a variety of artists, Lockhart's solo flight was anything but an afterthought. "I'd always been working on solo shit," says Lockhart. "It was always Waajeed and Saadiq's understanding of 'We know you're doing your own thing, but will you come along on this ride with us?'. There were a lot of great lessons I've learned [with the PPP project], but I've always been working on my own side of things."

Indeed she has. While attending New York City's New School, Lockhart befriended classmates and future major-label recording artists Bilal and Robert Glasper, with whom she recorded a batch of songs later to be released as *The Tiombe Lockhart Bootleg #1*. One track from those early sessions that garnered Lockhart underground buzz was the metaphorical ode to booze "Mr. Johnnie Walker."

After a failed recording deal with Elektra Records and other prospects in perpetual ebb and flow, Lockhart arrived at a crossroads. "What was happening in my life was that I was fed up," she explains. "I had been signed, and I was wondering, 'Why isn't this happening?'" But following an NYC Slum Village show in 2003, a chance meeting with Waajeed would shift the tectonic plates of her world. While he was impressed with her bootleg and wanted to include her on the PPP project, she was skeptical of his cliché claims of being a producer. Providence ultimately came via Fed Ex. "He sent me the beat... with a check," recalls Lockhart.

TOO HOT TO HANDLE

Following the success of *Triple P*, Lockhart encountered some resistance to her rock and roll spirit. "I feel like a lot of people could not handle what I was doing," she muses. "The reaction was kind of like 'Aw, she's drunk.' And I'm like, are you fucking kidding me?! Iggy Pop is one of the greatest performers of all time! He's bloody and missing teeth when he walks off stage!"

In retrospect, it's easy to understand their response. Her PPP output is embellished with a coquettish vocal panache that hearkens back to a bygone era. On "Mr. Johnnie Walker" in particular, Lockhart croons with a coy Marilyn Monroe appeal against a track with a jazzy 1920s flair that puts Amy Winehouse's retro pursuits to shame. So it's understandable that the crowd looks slightly dumbfounded when Lockhart launches into a Soft Cell-esque song like "Electric Bullets." Still, she refuses to let popular demand box her in. "'Stay With Me' and 'I Got You' were my signature songs for 2004 and 2005," says Lockhart. "And it's not that I don't like the songs. It's just not where I'm trying to go now. But I still see those sad faces when I don't perform them."

PASSION PLAY

With Waajeed's recently released project *The War LP* in stores, and work on PPP's sophomore effort underway, Lockhart's debut album is beginning to organically take shape. Her uncanny ability to condense all of the

mayhem and abstract elements of life into a fitting piece of work is further buttressed by Waajeed's confidence in her skill. "I feel like Tiombe has never needed a producer," he says. "She's always been a person whose had her own ideas and knows what she wants to hear. Because she's so passionate about her ideas, I felt like I should put myself in a position so that I can back out. And that's pretty much how it is. If she needs me for assistance or for a track, I'm there."

So while some listeners may be inclined to lump her in with the new crop of vocalists like Corinne Bailey Rae and Chrisette Michele, be clear that Lockhart isn't your average jazzy belle. With a mercurial alchemy of sophistication and surrealism, the CD-R-only *Queen of Doom* EP (co-produced by Waajeed and Lockhart) finds her cavorting through a bipolar wonderland of despair, lecherousness, chaos, and resilience that could only be actualized in a dense metropolis like New York City. "What I feel like I'm trying to do is bridge everything that I know with the music I'm in love with," she says. "No one can know where I'm coming from, except for me. All I know is that there is something that I'm supposed to do: sing and write. And I feel like if it's genuine and it feels good, if I fucking bust my ass it's going to be okay."

The War LP (Fat City) is in stores now. Tiombe Lockhart's debut full-length is slated for release early 2008 on Bling 47. www.tiombelockhart.com, www.bling47.com



THE ONEMENT

MOTHERSHIP DESCENDENTS **DUDLEY PERKINS** AND **GEORGIA ANNE MULDROW** EMBARK ON A MISSION TO BRING LOVE TO THE WORLD.

WORDS MOSI REEVES PHOTOS PETER Z. JONES

When Dudley Perkins met Georgia Anne Muldrow at a BBQ in Los Angeles more than two years ago, she was basking in the glow of her recently released 2004 debut, *Worthnothings*.

Entirely self-produced, its dark yet hopeful mix of hip-hop and deep soul captured her as a larva struggling to metamorphose into a butterfly. "Cool in this nothingness/I'm on my way I guess/Freedom and emptiness/Glad to be on my own," she sang on "Nothingness."

A lot has changed since that grill-out. Perkins, a hip-hop veteran with several albums to his credit, and Muldrow, one of the most evocative and challenging soul artists to emerge in recent years, have become romantic and musical partners. They have a new label, ePistrophik Peach Sound. This fall, they'll release their first full-fledged collaboration together, *The Message Uni Versa*, as G&D. And they say they're on a mission to spark a global love revolution. No, seriously.

"Music is a very spiritual creation," says Perkins at home in Las Vegas, where he and Georgia recently moved. In a conversation where they trade the phone receiver back and forth and issue quasi-religious proclamations, the two announce that they've embarked on a spiritual and physical diet together.

"We're trying to be more pure in our expression," says Muldrow. "We stopped drinking, and we stopped smoking [cigarettes]. Last year was a compromise. We started getting ourselves to health, and a lot of things started opening up. The whole sound started opening up."

Do they still smoke weed? "Of course! Every day!" she quickly answers.

TWO TRAVELERS

They make for an intriguing power couple, this prince and princess of avant-garde soul. On his 2006 album *Expressions (2012 a.u.)*, Perkins railed against apathy, preached love, and warned of Armageddon in an impressionistic sing-song as Madlib's emotionally resonant tracks flowed underneath. An inaugural member of Madlib's Invazion, Perkins has known the brilliant producer/MC since they were kids growing up in Oxnard, C.A. Madlib contributed to several of Perkins' projects as Declaime, from the 1999 EP *Illmindmuzik* to the 2001 album

Andsoitissaid. It wasn't until the 7-inch "Flowers," however, that Perkins discovered his talent for singing in a rough but emotive croon filled with intense feeling. He evolved from a straight-ahead rapper into a maker of what he calls "expressions."

Muldrow, meanwhile, specializes in a gumbo of free jazz, neo-soul, and grungy weed-hop. After brisk sales of her self-released *Worthnothings* EP on CD Baby and kudos from Jneiro Jarel, Osunlade, and Sa-Ra Creative Partners, she became the first female in the Stones Throw camp in 2006. Four months after reissuing the EP, the label released her crazily brilliant follow-up, *Olesi: Fragments of an Earth*. On the back cover, she's lighting up a bowl of herbs, almost as if she were preparing her listeners for the deliriously freeform journey within.

Both Perkins and Muldrow are unapologetic provocateurs. Their talents avoid pithy descriptions and easy analysis. Muldrow's *Olesi* is a masterwork of fiery political statements, cryptic rhymes, and chanted phrases. From the primal scream of "New Orleans" to the magical "Because," its ruddy topography can take several listens to map. "I was trying to send a message of love to those who wanted to receive it," she says of the album. "I can't worry about [those] who don't like what I'm doing, 'cause that only stops your own production. It's a blessing that those who care do care."

MISSED MESSAGES

Perkins has his own haters. "I get a lot of critics in magazines and stuff, saying, 'Oh, that dude can't sing.' And you know what I say back to all them critics who criticize me? You can't either," he says, breaking into laughter.

For all his bravado and philosophizing, however, Perkins seems conflicted about his work with Madlib. As Stones Throw arguably grew into one of hip-hop's most important labels, he became frustrated that his two albums, 2003's *A Lil Light* and 2006's *Expressions (2012 a.u.)*, drew little attention. Critics argued that he couldn't sing, and that he just sounded weeded out, confirming his belief that the albums were marketed to the

“IF THEY SLEEPING ON IT, THEY SLEEPING ON GOD REAL HARD.”

wrong audience. It hurt him because, like a modern-day soothsayer, he believes his words were given to him by God.

“For some reason, mysteriously, my music got to no black people when it was a very focused, black, powerful, African rhythmist music. And it didn’t get there. It got to surfers and grunge dudes, I guess, people who wear crazy clothes and tight pants and shirts and stuff,” says Perkins.

In an essay commemorating Stones Throw’s 10-year anniversary for *RE:Up* magazine, label head Peanut Butter Wolf compared Dudley to oft-sampled R&B/funk veteran Eugene McDaniels. “Dudley was inventing his own brand of music here. You can’t really put it in an R&B category and it’s not neo-soul. I think that’s why his albums with Madlib don’t get the same attention that, say, a Jaylib or Madvillain would. I’m confident that they’ll stand the test of time though.”

FAR OUT

Despite the partnership, both remain prolific, recording a dizzying amount of music alone and together for an array of international imprints. There is *Sagala*, a surreal and vivid excursion into psychedelic funk Muldrow made under the guise Pattie Blingh & the Akebulan 5. (Perkins and Muldrow trade rhymes on “Rebelyouthwithskill.”) Less successfully, they united with producer and UK DMC champion DJ 2Tall for *Beautiful Mindz*, spontaneously dropping winsome platitudes over 2Tall’s rangy and uneven beats.

Like hippie radicals transplanted from the early ’70s, Perkins and Muldrow can seem flaky. But you can’t doubt their sincerity. They truly believe that their music has revolutionary potential. Even when their work, particularly the 2Tall collaboration, sounds monotonous and undeveloped, it possesses emotional honesty.

“This year’s a new thing,” says Perkins. “We’re taking over this music with God involved. God said move with it like this, and He’s assimilated an army for me, a powerful army. Not no underground army... We hit the Earth now.”

“I believe in his message. I think that people really need to learn how to love each other,” says Muldrow. “We try to bring the best of ourselves to the music, and let it speak for itself.”

With Muldrow, Dudley Perkins has found a fellow traveler whom he respects and empathizes with. “Georgia Anne Muldrow is a very special gift. She’s cranking them out right now,” says Perkins, who calls Muldrow “Miss One.”

“It’s the mothership!” says Muldrow, comparing her pairing with Perkins to a cosmic, funk-imbuend adventure. “I think it’s very special. His message is brilliant. The person that he is is brilliant. He’s a special human being and I admire him very much, so I do my best to make it funky for him and make sure it’s something that he can spread his message and love with.”

ONE LOVE

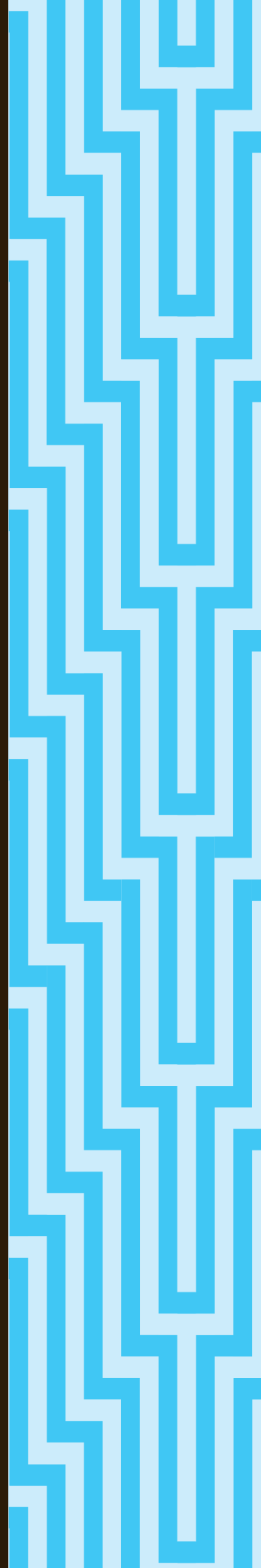
With ePistrophik Peach Sound, the two hope to present their collective vision to the world. Earlier this year they quietly issued “America,” a 12-inch single by L.A. singer Jimetta Rose. Upcoming releases include recordings from New York singer Eagle Nebula (*Cosmic Headphones*), LMNO (*Funk Verses*), and Perkins’ 16-year-old daughter Ms. Dezy (*Hip Hop Education School*) with Muldrow as the in-house producer.

“I only see better things happening from now on. The people that are down with us, the people that understand—the fellow musicians that we know—it’s just wonderful that they’re willing to work with us,” she says. “I just get to be in service all the time. And it’s a beautiful feeling.”

Muldrow and Perkins’ G&D project is the jump-off. *The Message Uni Versa* is suffused with optimism, sublimating the anguished yearning of their solo efforts for bouncy keyboard-funk tracks. Metaphysical musings and calls for self-improvement lace the lyrics. “G&D is such an important project because I see that as a project where we both opened up to ourselves,” says Muldrow. “*Olesi* was me rambling about myself. But G&D is about bringing the message of life to your speakers, promoting healing, understanding, listening, and all of that.”

“Dudley/Declaime has got the new thing. Georgia Anne—Miss One—has got the new thing. We are down with One-ment,” says Perkins. “If they sleeping on it, they sleeping on God real hard. But that’s cool. Everyone wakes up eventually.”

G & D’s *The Message Uni Versa* comes out September 25 on ePistrophik Peach Sound/Look Records. www.myspace.com/theworthnothingskrew, www.myspace.com/dudleyperkins, www.lookrecords.com





POLITIKIN'

BROKEN BEAT MAINSTAYS [MARK DE CLIVE-LOWE](#) AND [BEMBE SEGUE](#) STRIP IT DOWN AND FUNK IT UP ON THEIR NEW COLLABO
WORDS JOSHUA P. FERGUSON PHOTOS MARI HORIUCHI

Having transplanted himself from New Zealand to the U.K. some 10 years ago, Mark de Clive-Lowe burned his

way on to the West London broken beat scene with his inimitable brand of funk-filled jazz keys, doing session work with Bugz in the Attic and contributing to many of the tracks that brought broken beat worldwide acclaim, including his anthem "Relax, Unwind." His style belies a musical heritage that includes a childhood steeped in jazz and a high school obsession with Native Tongues and '90s soul ("Bell Biv DeVoe blew my mind when I was 15," he says).

Bembe Segue is no less of a driving force. Over the last decade she has sung on tracks for 4Hero, Sleepwalker, Two Banks of Four, and of course, Bugz. She's got a bright, sunny demeanor that shines in her vocals and a firecracker-like presence at live shows. On the phone backstage from a gig in London, she describes her sound as having "lots of big lush layers of harmonies, cross-harmonies, and syncopated things going on, [with] voices being used a lot like horns." Citing Cameo, Rod Temperton, and George Clinton as influences, she's carved a niche for herself and her unique style, one that's as at home on a boogie-inflected dance track as it is on an epic '70s fusion jazz record.

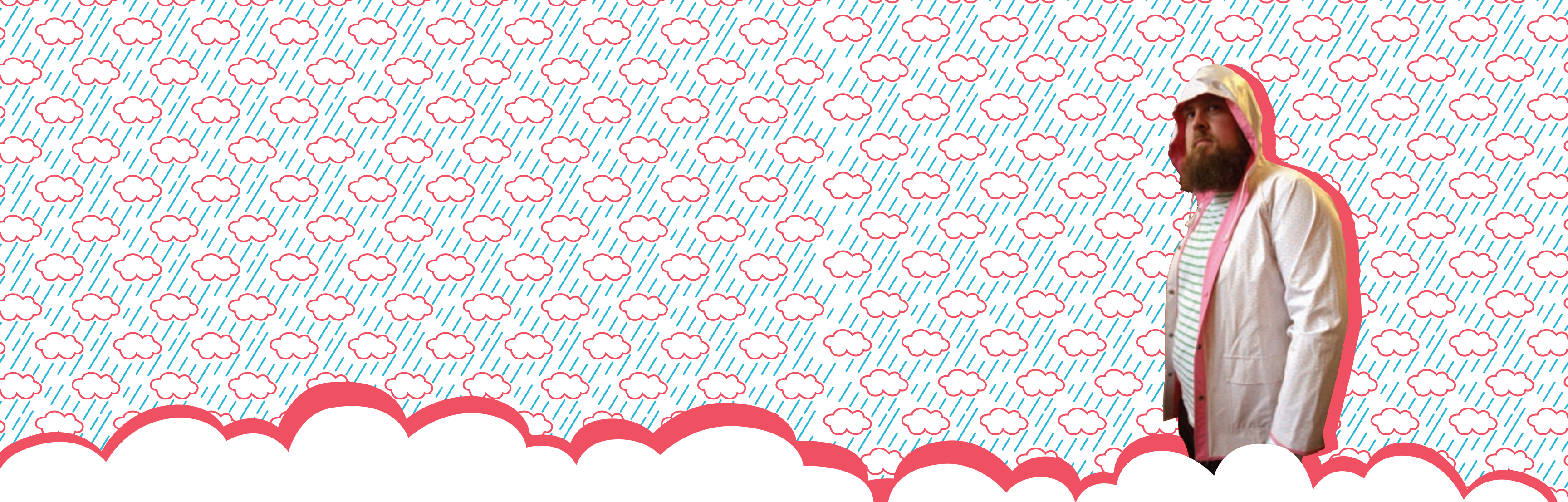
The pair recently teamed up on *The Politik*, a full-length that breaks the ties between hip-hop, broken beats, boogie, and soul; the record is a step towards a more stripped-down and straight-up style. "Everything I do is a culmination of my prior work," explains de Clive-Lowe. "From my side of [*The Politik*], with the music and the production, I consciously wanted to keep it as simple as humanly possible. I had some cats [talk

to me about] 'the complexity of the production', and I'm like, 'What complexity man? That's just me chilling! Whereas a record like my album *Tides*," he says, referring to his 2005 full-length *Tides Arising* for ABB, "I painstakingly produced that down to the microsecond. With *The Politik* there's much more of a hip-hop aesthetic—if it's banging, let it loop."

Though Segue's voice can often be the driving force of the track, on this album she goes in a different direction. "[This album] wasn't necessarily about doing diva-esque lead vocals," says Segue. "I wanted the vocals to be an extension of the music as opposed to a bed of music with a lead vocal over the top. It's definitely Bembe and has a lot of things that I do inherently, but it's almost like I invented this little character that finished off the album."

With both partners channeling new parts of their personalities on *The Politik*, I ask de Clive-Lowe if this record was a conscious decision to diverge from broken-beat conventions. "It's never really a conscious decision to make music in a certain style," demurs de Clive-Lowe. "For me, the main differentiation between different styles of music today is tempo, and if you're gonna stick to making music by tempo, that just doesn't really make sense."

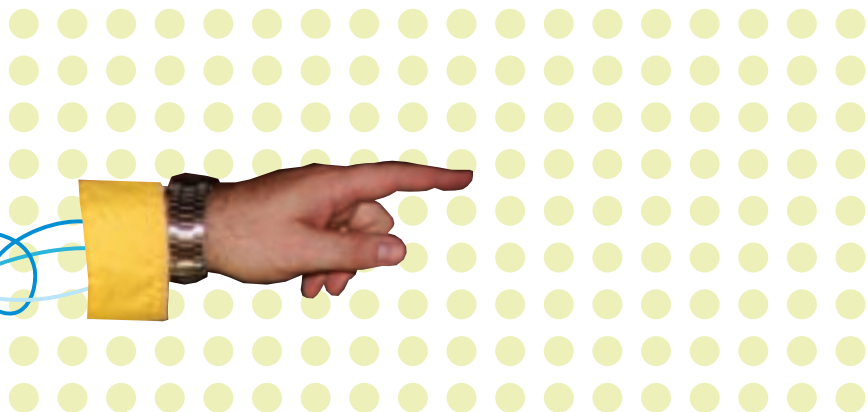
The Politik (Milan/Antipodean) is out now.
www.markdeclivelow.net, www.myspace.com/thepolitik



SO Savy

STYLE TIPS FROM [LES SAVY FAV'S TIM HARRINGTON](#),
ONE OF INDIE ROCK'S MOST FLAMBOYANT FRONTMEN.

WORDS & PHOTOS ANDREW PARKS
DESIGN TIM HARRINGTON



“Now, this is something I’d actually wear,”

says Les Savy Fav guitarist Seth Jabber, as he steps out of a Beacon’s Closet dressing room in an ultra-soft T-shirt featuring a baby-blue tie-dye background and a tiger with black and white stripes.

“Oh wait, this is one of those companies that makes ‘vintage-like shirts,’” he adds, looking at the top’s tag. “That kinda takes all the fun out of it, doesn’t it?”

Indeed it does, especially when the whole point of us being at this hangar-sized Brooklyn store is finding creative outfits for one of Les Savy Fav’s infamous stage shows—a performance-art spectacle rather than a simple concert, featuring the ADD-added stage antics and shirt-shedding costume changes of Fav

frontman Tim Harrington.

Speaking of indie rock’s gentlest grizzly bear, he’s having a hell of a time sifting through potential “WTF?” wardrobe pairings in the women’s section right now. He’s donning stuff most people would never think of putting together, from gigantic Elton John glasses to neon-hued scarves to the kind of flow-y, Summer of Love tops Devendra Banhart wears without a hint of irony.

“Style needs to be singular,” explains Harrington, “something that defines itself. You can be completely insane and still have style. Hell, then you have a little something called panache! Like, there’s this one guy in the neighborhood



that always dresses like a goth school teacher from the Victorian days. He wears an Amish-looking hat, a stopwatch, a black blazer, knickers, and fancy shoes, and he carries all his books around wrapped in leather. He's got so much more style than someone that's completely trendy, wearing a soft foam cap and having a San Francisco skater thing going on."

To Harrington, style isn't just about clothes, either. For musicians, it includes everything from elaborate packaging to, you know, the music.

"The worst thing is when a band is like, 'The reason why our album sounds like The Cure is we were trying to sound like The Cure,'" says Harrington. "Eh, why didn't you guys try to sound like something more intense or different? That's how you make up new things or stumble upon an impossible

pastiche—out of total nothingness, which is what our band usually does."

Les Savy Fav's latest LP, *Let's Stay Friends* (Frenchkiss), does all of the above, jumping across genres (twitchy post-punk, morose and melancholic synth-pop, Pixy Stix rock) without ever adhering to any specific aesthetic. This is just what the band's been doing since they met at a Rhode Island art college in 1995 and recorded their first album (*3/5*, which was remastered and reissued last year) with future DFA/LCD Soundsystem don, James Murphy.

Hoping for some insights into how Harrington stays singular in an Urban Outfitters/Hot Topic age of mass-marketed looks and attitudes—including his own accessories line, *Deadly Squire*—we asked him to share some general style tips in between searching for "the ultimate buckskin outfit."

Don't try to look like a 'hipster,' at least how it's been defined in magazine stories (see a recent cover of *Time Out New York*) and movies.

That style is such a mild one. Look, if you love politics, you don't want to see everyone happy and shaking hands. You want to see everyone going for each other's throats. If you like sports, you want a fight. The same thing applies to fashion.

The only time I thought a lot of dip-shits were walking around looking ridiculous—being different because they were told to—was in 2000 or so, when someone invented electroclash. You know what, though? Punky Brewster is cool. Having a little flair and a little flash is a good thing. I really like when someone shows up to a party looking all My Little Pony-like.

If you're in a band, don't let your bottom line get in the way of your art.

I'm really into elaborate band t-shirts. That's why we always design our own. If we want to make a shirt that has 10 colors and sparkles, we're going to make a shirt that has 10 colors and sparkles, even if it's a little more expensive. I'd rather make something nice and not make a profit on it than make something shitty and sell it at a high cost. When a band becomes something that's useful for paying the rent, [they'll] always think twice about making a shirt for \$19 and selling it for \$20. It's more like, "Let's make a shirt that costs 50 cents and sell it for \$20."

One other band tip: Don't let your fashion sense define your sound.

I hate when bands use fashion as a shorthand way of saying "We sound like this." Like when they dress up in eyeliner and all black, clearly ready to open for Interpol in front of bright white lights.

So what if you don't have a 28-inch waist!

My biggest problem is my bulk. I'd probably go with a more extreme style if I had a slight build. When I find something I like and it fits me, though, it's great. If everything were accessible, that'd ruin the needle-in-a-haystack fun of it anyway.

Also, remember this: The worst ideas sometimes turn out to be the best ones. Like this one time I bought a wide-brimmed, floppy summer hat for women; I got that as a joke but I was really into it the next year.

Don't be afraid to splurge on a unique piece.

Sometimes style costs money, and it's worth it. I don't buy that many clothes anymore, but when I do, I sometimes stop by a proper designer store because I consider what they do art as much as I consider what I do art. It's worth it if there's a legitimate value to it, you know? Even if it's just the aesthetic of one person—that can be as cool as

crawling through a pile of vintage clothes.

I remember the first time I bought something nice. My sister was like, "Look at you. You're buying clothes now, you New York person, you. I remember when you used to wear anything!" Except I didn't wear 'just anything.' I'd spend 10 hours a week going through thrift stores. I may have not had a lot of money, but I was still picky. I'm really specific about what I like. That's part of why I don't buy that much anymore. I'm kinda waiting for [all trends] to die. After touring the country 20 times and hitting a thrift store in every city, eventually you'll have enough amazing t-shirts. I mean, how can you beat a blue shirt with puffy letters that says, "Please Feed Me?"

Les Savy Fav's *Let's Stay Friends* is out September 18 on Frenchkiss. www.lesnavyfav.com, www.frenchkissrecords.com

All photos taken at Beacon's Closet's Williamsburg location, 88 N.

11th St., Brooklyn, NY. (718) 486-0816

GRIT CITY

GRIME WARRIOR **WILEY** STANDS AT THE HEAD OF THE PACK, BUT THERE'S SOME DIRT HE STILL CAN'T BRUSH OFF HIS SHOULDERS.

WORDS WILL FEWELL PHOTOS ANDY WHITTON



It's said that to be a true cockney, you must be born within earshot of the Bow Bells, which sit atop St. Mary-le-Bow Church in The City of London. Wiley, who hails from Bow E3, is as London as it gets.

And in the last five years, as a new din rings out over the East End—the rat-tat-tat gunshot snares, skuzzy bass, and relentless fight raps of grime—this ice-cold MC/producer, sometimes known as “Eskiboy,” has slowly styled himself as the godfather of the sound of young London.

Surprisingly, “Godfather of Grime” is a title that almost everyone seems content to let Wiley have. Though his career was built on beef—he’s lyrically sparred (“clashed”) with half the MCs on road, including Lethal Bizzle, Bashy, Durrty Goodz, and Scorcher—few can argue with his longevity in the young genre, where white-label one-hit wonders are the norm, not the exception. An early stint in the Pay As U Go Cartel—who had some chart success in the blingy, almost P. Diddy-esque first wave of grime—perhaps informed Wiley’s future distaste for pop-rap and major labels. He soon began championing a darker, stripped-down take on grime dubbed “Eski,” highlighted by riddims including “Eskimo,” “Blizzard,” “Frost Bite,” “Ice Rink,” and “Igloo.” Besides having more synonyms for his ice-cold street demeanor than the Inuit people have for snow, Wiley’s Eski concept was early evidence of his DIY marketing acumen and his willingness to take everything to the extreme (his beef with one-time crew member Dizzee Rascal notwithstanding).

It is with this mixture of pedagogical and warrior spirit that Wiley started the Roll Deep Crew in 2003, and with which he now is raising a new generation of grime artists. He is both a furious battle-cat and a sensible father figure. He is a producer, manager, and entrepreneur. Moreover, he is an MC, one who alternates between stern intensity and touching candor, and is prone to revealing uncomfortable amounts of information about himself without the slightest bit of apprehension. On “Bow E3,” where Wiley gives borough-repping rappers like Long Beach’s Snoop Dogg and Brooklyn’s KRS-One a run for their money, he even reveals his phone number. (“*Certain man trying to say, like, I don’t rep for E3/I’m not E3/Are you crazeeeee?/My name’s Wiley/I come from Bow E3/0-7-9-6 1-8-9-7-0-3-3*”)

“Out of everyone in the scene, he’s not afraid to clash,” says 16-year-old Ickkid, one of many teenaged grime MCs whose career Wiley is currently

jumpstarting. “Even if he knows his opponent is better than him, he doesn’t care. As his little speech goes, war is the way of the world.”

GETTING DIZZEE

Listening to Wiley’s brittle technoid hip-hop and alternately dark and deadpan lyrics, it seems he’s always at war, either with himself or someone else. But Wiley Kat’s best-known battle continues to be waged with former friend Dizzee Rascal.

In August 2004, Wiley—both the founder of East London’s roughly 20-member Roll Deep Crew, and its main production talent—released his debut full-length, *Treddin’ On Thin Ice*. In their haste to capitalize on the grime scene, London mega-indie XL Recordings inconveniently sandwiched the record between two albums from the young and cocky Dizzee Rascal: January 2004’s groundbreaking, Mercury Prize-winning *Boy in Da Corner* (on which Wiley appeared) and its September follow-up, *Showtime*. It was a testament to how prolific young grime artists are, but a bad decision to flood the market with three releases from an undeveloped new genre, made under very similar conditions by two people with similar backgrounds working very close to each other. Wiley’s album flopped. He walked away from XL and Cage, his and Dizzee’s manager, and from his friendship with Dizzee. Since then, Dizzee has veered towards a US hip-hop audience and mentality with his latest album, *Maths & English*, while Wiley has taken it back to an underground-style street hustle.



“IF YOU’VE GOT MONEY, IT DOESN’T MATTER. WHAT MATTERS IS WHO WILL WIN THE CLASH.”

Deep wounds don’t heal quickly, and Wiley and Dizzee continue to make songs about each other. Dizzee often directs his barbs at unnamed enemies, as on the venomous “Pussyole (Old School),” which is currently climbing the British charts. Wiley’s lyrical beef takes a more direct—maybe even bipolar—tone on “Reasons” and “Letter 2 Dizzee. The latter, a wistful track with bells and a melancholy trumpet sample, sees Wiley boasting about being the best in grime then imploring Dizzee to call him, detailing what he’s been up to since the pair broke up, and reminiscing (“I remember 01 December, me and you shoppin’/Over tag poppin’/Remember the BAPE v-necks we were rockin’/Had that early”). “It don’t matter, I’m still your big brother,” he flows, though whether it’s to comfort himself or his nemesis is uncertain.

In true grime tradition, Wiley saves most of his aggression for his mixtapes. *Tunnel Vision Volume 6* contains two Dizzee diss tracks; one is a line-for-line response to “Pussyole,” in which Wiley simply lets the track play while he responds to Dizzee’s claims in a personal spoken-word attack. “I have done more for you than your cousin has done for you in all the years he has known you,” he shouts, not even rapping. “In Ayia Napa, I was there with you. You pinched Lisa Maffia’s bum, why?” he says, alluding to an incident with the first lady of So Solid Crew that led to Dizzee getting stabbed. “If you want to talk, talk to me direct, say my name,” he lectures, as if to continue his tutelage of Dizzee through his last line of communication. “If you’ve got money, it doesn’t matter. What matters is who will win the clash.”

CAN’T STOP, WON’T STOP

Like a younger version of US hip-hop, grime is experiencing a second explosion fueled by self-motivated artists; skeptical of the majors, they’re making money through white labels, mixtapes, and gigs, and promoting themselves almost entirely on

the internet. (You can often hear the “dun know da MySpace” mantra shouted out on tracks, just to make sure that you know that MCs are on the MySpace.)

In this new climate, Wiley has once again established himself at the top of the pile. He has an unparalleled rate of production—approaching Lil’ Wayne proportions—and has emerged with a barrage of releases, notably 2006’s *Da 2nd Phase* album and the 10-volume *Tunnel Vision* mixtape series (both released through MC/producer JME’s Boy Better Know imprint). He is a self-proclaimed “workaholic” who is constantly in the studio. “I have most of my bits done for a new album,” he says over the phone from London, though it hasn’t even been six months since the release of his *Playtime Is Over* album on Big Dada.

“You can’t stop Wiley from making music,” says Big Dada’s Jamie Collinson. “When we first approached Wiley about making an album on Big Dada, he wasn’t quite finished with *Da 2nd Phase*. By the time we heard the songs that we really liked from the album, he had gone and released it on his own.”

On *Playtime*, Wiley sounds wiser and more motivated. “My Mistakes,” the album’s first single, is filled with erudite string flourishes and Wiley’s signature heavy two-step beats, and features him openly lamenting the initial mishandling of his career. “Sometimes I wish that I stayed with the same manager that I had back in ’03/Simply because Cage knows me/But I am glad now I got a whole tree/Of family MCs/In the G-R-I-M-E.”

For a while, Wiley claimed he would give up MCing after *Playtime*’s release, but, in an even-more-brief retirement than Jay-Z’s, Wiley is back with a new fervor. “When you are doing everything in a scene, it’s difficult to see what it’s like, innit?” he muses. “I’m 28 and in the next five years, I am going to get my level of MCing higher and higher.”

GROWING UP GRIMEY

It would be one thing if Wiley’s energy was focused squarely on his own musical output, but it doesn’t end there. He is the father of an 18-month-old baby girl who is “showing a lot of musical talent,” and he has taken a handful of young producers and MCs under his wing at Eskibeat Records. “Wiley’s always got youngsters around him, man,” says Icekid, who Wiley has designated the “CEO” of Eskibeat. “To a lot of artists, they see him as an older brother to look up to. He knows. He’s got a lot of respect for me.”

Indeed Wiley is serious about the ability of young MCs. “Dun know the youth!” he shouted out recently on Tim Westwood’s long-running hip-hop show on BBC Radio 1, where he brought along Icekid and Chipmunk to perform freestyles. “Watch out for the 16-year-olds!”

He is giddy, almost disturbingly so, about his child-star discoveries, potentially because they are the key to him getting his groove back. “I believe in child stars,” he says. “I was one. Everyone in grime is 20 and downward all the way to 14. When I was a child, I saw other kids doing music like Kriss Kross; it made me think that there were other kids in the world doing what I wanted to do. Sometimes you need to give a child a big responsibility.”

Wiley—who was 25, already old by grime standards, when 18-year-old Dizzee was signed—takes his role as an elder statesman of the scene very seriously. “These kids, they’re not Dizzee, but they’re as powerful as Dizzee was. They are going to make it, with or without me. They are going to have to tread their own path. I am going to guide them but I am not going to control them or make money out of them. The kids will be there. I have to show the world what they are doing, and make some of the older ones understand what the levels are today.”

Wiley’s *Playtime Is Over* is out now on Big Dada.

www.myspace.com/eskiboywiley, www.bigdada.com



COLD AS ICE

A FEW WORDS WITH WILEY’S 16-YEAR-OLD PROTÉGÉ ICEKID.

Being strikingly young is par for the course among grime MCs, meaning that, at 16 years old, Icekid is already a seasoned street rapper poised to run the road. Though he’s young and fresh-faced, he is fearless; just ask him. “All my clashes with other MCs have been on road, on the blocks when I’m with my Hoodstars,” he says, referring to the West London crew he runs with. “But I’m not afraid to clash with anyone big, so if anyone is looking for me, I’m here. I’m not scared. Come, we can do this.”

Icekid’s career began at age 14 when he teamed up with fellow kid-rapper Sickman to create Double Trouble. The duo had their first exposure on a Stylo G track entitled “My Youth”; the video, which ran briefly on satellite station Channel U, shows them clad in identical outfits, Kriss Kross-style, and rapping about their youth, presumably as it was happening.

A few months ago, Icekid’s manager introduced him to Wiley. Wiley saw a lot of potential in Icekid—and, perhaps, thought he had the perfect name for the Eskimo sound—and named him “CEO” of his label, Eskibeat. What does CEO actually mean? “It means that I have a lot more control, but not too much, ‘cos Wiley [is] the boss,” says Icekid.

Since joining Eskibeat, Icekid has already recorded seven solo tracks for his upcoming mixtape, *The New Ice Age*, and he appears with Wiley on the final three *Tunnel Vision* mixtapes. He is young, extremely affable, and smart (although he was booted from school for reasons he will not reveal because he “[doesn’t] want to sound like a blonker”). And, like most teenagers, he spends hours online. “MySpace is the top of my pile for promoting my music,” he says. “Plus it’s the killa for meeting girls.”

www.myspace.com/realicekid

SPIRIT ANIMALS

ANIMAL COLLECTIVE CREATES A MAGICAL MUSICAL UNIVERSE USING EVERYDAY MEANS
WORDS ALLURA DANNON PHOTOS ADRIANO FAGUNDES



Animal Collective is secret languages and psychic messages, the sound of strange jam sessions lasting late into the night, the echoing of laughter over ancient stories, the wonder of sunrises watched together around the world. It's hundreds of textures layering over each other to create nuances

of feeling: the fuzz of a distortion trail suggesting a wisp of campfire smoke, vocal whorls spiraling 'round and 'round like a carnival carousel.

Another band might make this seem like a giant in-joke, but each Animal Collective album is an invite to enter the universe that longtime friends Avey Tare, Panda Bear, Deakin, and Geologist have been slowly crafting since they were in high school in Maryland.

Indeed, their current sound—and the creative process behind it—is just an evolution of the way they were doing things back then. “We would get into, like, horror-movie soundtracks but we didn’t know how people made [them],” recalls Geologist of his first sonic experiments with Avey Tare. “So it was like, ‘What could we find around the house that we could then effect to make it sound like this?’ I think our early experiments really stuck with me, just the idea that you can make up your own rules. Just find the sound that you’re looking for; don’t think about the process that other people have gone through. It’s more fun if you just figure it out for yourself.”

Avey Tare initially took clues from lo-fi indie-rock bands of the early '90s, many of whom recorded to hand-held tape players or answering machines. “Guided by Voices or early Silver Jews recordings or early Pavement stuff was psychedelic to me, not in a cliché way, but as far as the sound quality and the echoes and stuff,” he recalls. “When I first started recording my own stuff, it seemed like, ‘Wow, [recording to tape] should sound crappier but it almost sounds better. The music just takes on its own personal quality.”

Tape is a prominent theme in Animal Collective’s history. The crew are all deeply fascinated by acts doing avant things with minimal means; Panda Bear name-checks White Noise’s 1968 tape-spliced pop album *An Electric Storm* as an eye-opener, while Deakin had his melon twisted by early Can, Residents, and Captain Beefheart records. No surprise that the four laid down their first material on four-tracks and eight-tracks, recordings that eventually spawned Panda Bear’s solo debut on Soccer Star and 2000’s *Spirit They’re Gone, Spirit They’ve Vanished* (FatCat), the collective’s first official album.

Animal Collective’s Brian “Geologist” Weitz, Josh “Deakin” Dibb, Noah “Panda Bear” Lennox, and Dave “Avey Tare” Portner having a ball in Brooklyn’s McCarren Park.



“IT’S MORE FUN IF YOU
JUST FIGURE IT OUT
FOR YOURSELF.”

—Geologist

“When we were young, we didn’t really go out and party that much,” explains Avey Tare. “It was always just like, ‘Why don’t you come over and make music?’ That’s kind of just how we would hang out, and that’s why we do it the way we do it now.”

Members have dispersed to New York, Lisbon, and points beyond, but they recreate the jam-session vibes in tour rehearsals, writing songs that will get tested and fine-tuned while they’re on the road. These songs get practiced, but not endlessly, says Avey Tare. “We like to keep it a little bit looser—not loose like it doesn’t matter what we do, but just loose so it feels like there can be some openness, so the energy still feels real. There’s something about approaching a song for the first time, that’s a lot nicer for the stage than just beating a dead horse and playing the same song over and over again.”

On earlier albums, Animal Collective’s songwriting method occasionally produced a disorienting dinghy ride through unpredictable seas, with haphazard tempo changes and waves of squall pounding the sides of the boat. But *Strawberry Jam*, their most recent record, is a palms-outstretched collection of leftfield pop; recorded under the desert skies of Tucson, Arizona, it’s got more vocal meat and discernable choruses than previous efforts. It’s fantastical—not like elves and unicorns, but in the way that a few mushrooms on your morning toast could make you see the wonder in everything from terra firma to the teapot. It celebrates the magical in the real world, from the otherworldly samples of whales and walruses that Geologist contributes, to lyrics about food and fun and friends.

“[Our music] has to do with seeing the magic in life, but not in a fanciful way,” says Deakin. “All the things that make up your daily existence end up being pretty powerful.”

“Music, in general, is just a magical thing,” concurs Avey Tare. “Any time we’re making a record or making music together it kind of becomes this other fantasy world in itself. It’s kind of escapism. We want to take people away from reality.”

Animal Collective’s *Strawberry Jam* is out on September 11 on FatCat.
www.myspace.com/animalcollectivetheband, www.fat-cat.co.uk,
www.paw-tracks.com



Exquisite corpse drawings by the band, exclusively for *XLR8R*. This drawing by (from top) Avey, Panda, Geologist, Deakin. Opposite page (from top): Panda, Geologist, Deakin, Avey.



STREETS ARE
TALKIN'

E-40'S COUSIN **TURF TALK** ROCKS THE BAY AREA
RAP GAME WITH FLOWS AND PUNCHLINES OF
UNPREDICTABLE MAGNITUDE.

WORDS ERIC K. ARNOLD
PHOTOS MATHEW SCOTT

Twenty-eight-year-old Demar Bernstein (a.k.a. Turf Talk) is the most distinctive and original-sounding new lyricist to come out of the upstart, thizz-faced hip-hop subgenre known as hyphy. His is a powerful moniker—one that transcends the notion of a rapper speaking in the idiom of the streets, suggesting the entire lexicon of inner-city language itself.

To listen to a Turf Talk tune—heavily encoded with ghetto slang, and not without a sense of humor—is to be taken into a highly visceral, stream-of-consciousness world. Super-slapping, migraine-strength beats—by Rick Rock, Traxxamillion, Droop-E, and EA-Ski—don't hurt, either.

Representing not only the Bay, but the entire West Coast, the rapper stands next in line in a legacy begun by legendary microphone characters like Too \$hort, Snoop Dogg, Eazy E, and Turf's older cousin E-40. Since debuting on 40's *Breaking News* album in 2003, the self-described "street novelist" has become a much sought-after figure for collaborations and remixes while dropping two solo albums and one compilation under his own name. Among his notable appearances are Federation's "Hyphy" remix, Mistah F.A.B.'s "Super Sic Wid It," and Dem Hoodstarz' "Grown Man" remix. Perhaps none of Turf's cameos have been more eye-opening, though, than 2005's all-Bay, all-day hook-up "Three Freaks," with DJ Shadow and Keak Da Sneak, a club favorite on both sides of the Atlantic.

"I got a good reputation," Turf says over the phone from Vallejo, an oft-overlooked, yet talent-laden North Bay suburb that's given the world not only Yay Area icons E-40 and Mac Dre, but funk legends Sly Stone and Con Funk Shun. Yet he also has plenty of ambition. After serving his apprenticeship under 40-Water, he's prepared to take his game to the next level. "I'm ready to spread my wings," he confides.

According to Turf, what's missing from West Coast rap these days are new faces. Of those, he says, "I feel like I'm one of the best," adding that his "advantage" is having lived in both Northern and Southern California. "That makes me well-rounded," he explains.

Another advantage: Turf is well versed in hip-hop history. Like many West Coasters, he grew up listening to The Click, Too \$hort, NWA, and Tupac

(his favorite rapper of all time), but says it was Big Daddy Kane, The Fat Boys, and Rob Base who first made him fall in love with rap.

Before devoting his efforts to the microphone full-time, however, Turf experienced the grittier side of West Coast life, gangbanging in Pomona and selling dope in Vallejo. "I think that makes me a different type of (hyphy) rapper," he speculates. "I lived a whole 'nother life." Nowadays, his life mainly revolves around his wife and the studio. "I'm a family man," he says. "That keeps me out of trouble."

Turf Talk's debut album, 2004's *The Street Novelist*, proved he had street cred and flows for days. For his second effort, he challenged himself to elevate his game with different cadences, pitch-tones, and tempos. "I've grown a lot," he says of the time between the two records. "I'm not saying I know everything, but I wanted to show I could switch it up."

Already hailed as a classic, this year's *West Coast Vaccine* offers major-label quality on an indie-label budget; Turf jokingly refers to it as a "showcase for A&Rs." He explains that there was considerable major-label interest in the album, but that ultimately he decided to put it out independently (on 40's Sick Wid It label) to maintain control over release dates. (Contrary to rumors and media reports, crunkmeister Lil' Jon was never on board with the project.) While song titles like "Stop Snitching," "I'm Ghetto," and "I Got Chips" might seem like basic thug-rap fare, it's the way he says lines like "*I don't look for hoes/Hoes look for me*" (from "Bring the Base Back") that make him sound extra-compelling. "A lot of rappers rap like they're reading off a paper," he says. "I'm not a dude that is gonna sound the same on every song."

"*Get your own style/Stop bitin'*," he exclaims

on "Superstar," yet he needn't have bothered. Nobody else sounds like him; amidst an ocean of generic ghetto cats who spit trife raps about pumping cracks and ripping hoodrats, he's an island of uniqueness. "*Some say I'm lyrical, I just rep the hood/Face frowned up then it ain't all good,*" he declares on "That's That Turf Talk." Best known for delivering his rhymes in a high-pitched drawl, on "Broke Niggas" he unleashes a wicked whisper-style, breaking off a stamina-testing, slaloming flow on "Popo's" (where he outshines 40, not an easy thing to do). That gets followed by a clipped, staccato cadence on "Back in the Day," which finds Turf casually flipping dope punchlines.

The secret to Turf's appeal might just be that, for all his ghetto stripes, he's really a hip-hop head at heart. Not only does *West Coast Vaccine* prominently feature scratching and skits, but it updates one of the all-time b-boy classics, Mantronix's "Fresh Is the Word" (on "Sick Wid It Is the Crew")—a reference point that's impossible to front on. "I really love hip-hop," Turf proclaims. Still, he says, "People get misconceptions" about hyphy's place in the hip-hop canon.

For one thing, rumors that the movement was over were simply unfounded, he says. "We just getting started. Hyphy was never dead. My album just dropped, [Mistah] F.A.B. just dropped. Nobody looked at it like that." He admits there was a momentary lull among the stunna-shades set after 40's 2006 hit "Tell Me When to Go," but believes "It was just a timing thing."

"Hyphy is hip-hop culture" in the Bay Area, Turf insists. "It's the way we talk, the way we wear our clothes... There's no such thing as a hyphy song. All the music in the Bay is hyphy. This is our culture."

Turf Talk's *West Coast Vaccine (The Cure)* is out now on Sick Wid It. www.myspace.com/turfalk





HYPHY JUICE

A SURVEY OF THE BIG, BRIGHT, BALLISTIC STYLE OF BAY AREA HIP-HOP.

WORDS VIVIAN HOST PHOTOS ERIC K. ARNOLD

The hyphy "look" is serious about its unseriousness. As big and bashy as the bass-heavy music itself, hyphy fashion takes a heavy dose of Saturday-morning cartoon aesthetics, does everything up in lysergic colorways, oversizes it, then adds some big-ass slogans and those bug-eyed sunglasses known as stunna shades. That's not really enough, so you

better also add dreads shaking under custom New Eras, Oakland A's gear, crazy Vans, multi-colored grills, and maybe a rhinestone medallion for good measure. Bay Area rep Eric K. Arnold has been tracking hyphy acolytes, from the Filthy Dripped boutique on Berkeley's Telegraph Avenue to the Bay Area Rap Scene awards, and here's what he found.

OPPOSITE PAGE, CLOCKWISE FROM TOP: Mistah F.A.B. at Super Hyphy 17 held at the Phoenix Theater in Petaluma, CA.; Haji Springer makes the Thizz symbol at an auto show in San Jose, CA; a New Era hyphy hat at S.H. 17; an ill grill at S.H. 17. THIS PAGE, TOP ROW (FROM LEFT): Clyde Carson and The Jacka at the Youth UpRising in Oakland, CA; Shake Da Mayor, E-40, and Mistah Fab at the Youth UpRising; middle row: Mac Dre mural in San Francisco, CA; a star is born at the Bay Area Rap Scene (B.A.R.S.) Awards at the San Mateo Convention Center in San Mateo, CA; Mistah F.A.B.'s shirt; bottom row: turf dancin' on an old-school scraper at Youth UpRising in Oakland, CA; flossing on the red carpet at the B.A.R.S. Awards.



Trenchtown Rockers by Riddim Driven
 "The inspiration for 'Trenchtown Rockers vs. Soundboy Killers' was an old-school soundclash flyer from the '70s, in which two big sound systems were battling over who was the champion sound from Jamaica." *Stephanie Chin, Riddim Driven*
www.riddimdrivenclothing.com

Burning Building by Top Shelf
 "This design is a reference to the war of 1812, during which the American forces invaded my hometown, Toronto. In retaliation, we took Washington and burned the White House the fuck down. Take that assholes." *Sakro Jones, Top Shelf*
www.topshelfmf.com



Indian Chief by Suburban Bliss
 "This is a collaboration with Fergadelic, who drew the Indian Chief. I was stopped by a dude who congratulated me for representing this particular Indian chief. He knew exactly who he was; I just thought it was random character. He also looks exactly like my friend Pete's father. Weird." *Toby Shuall, Suburban Bliss*
www.suburbanbliss.co.uk



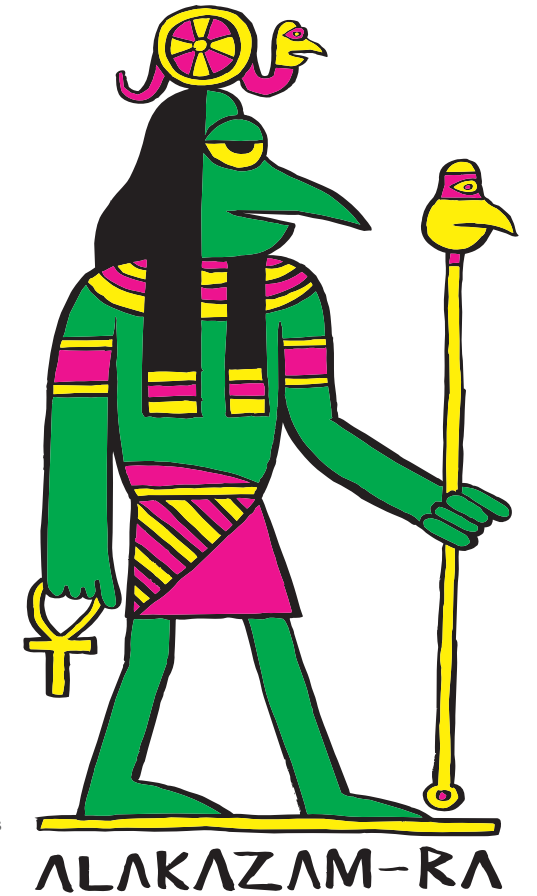
Bullfighter by No Mas
 "This shirt is part of 'The Ecstasy of Defeat Series' by Mickey Duzyj. The series is about sporting disasters—everything from Haru-Irara, the Japanese horse who lost all 113 of her races, to Bobby Fischer, the chess champion who lost his mind. Manolete is the most tragic. He was the most famous and beloved bullfighter in Spain, but he was killed in the ring by a bull named Islero in 1947." *Chris Isenberg, No Mas*
www.nomas-nyc.com



Jeremyville
 "I drew this after a Sunday of sketching with a friend in a park. We went out later and ate sundaes. There are pencils and erasers on the ground, and the pistachio green background was chosen to represent the faded green grass we sat on. That's me in the top hat!" *Jeremy, Jeremyville*
www.jeremyville.com



Little Girl by Obey
 "I was asked to participate in a children's charity art show where each artist would be given a paint-by-numbers image to work back into. The image I got was of a little girl with a flower." *Shepard Fairey, Obey*
www.obeyclothing.com



Alakazam-Ra
 "This is Alakazam-Ra by James Jarvis." *Will Sweeney, Alakazam*
www.alakazamlabel.com

Fighting Pigeons by Staple
 "Our theme for the Fall 2007 collection is 'Only The Educated Are Free.' For this tee, we thought it would be funny to mix that theme along with the legendary Nike Pigeon Dunk release at Reed Space, where people were literally fighting in the streets." *Jeff, Staple*
www.staplelabeledesign.com



Weird Faces by Perks & Mini
 "These guys have their sights on future worlds. They want to start a new colony in a place far from here. Equipped with the sun and pot, and 'healthy' reproductive organs, they seem pretty ready. It's kind of a cosmic tourist t-shirt." *Perks & Mini*
www.perksandmini.com

El Patron by Santa Muerte
 "This is an esoteric talisman against vampires, with pro-revolution Colombian flavor. It's called 'El Patron' after the Big Boss, Pablo Escobar." *Rafael Trujillo, Santa Muerte*
www.tusantamuerte.com



Watcher

IN THE WOODS

PHOTOS
Shawn Brackbill

STYLING
Valissa Yoe and Mad Marietta

HAIR/MAKEUP
Stephanie Perez

MODELS
Shane Cashman, Theresa
Dapra, Benjamin Dietz,
Patrick Kelly, Cale Parks,
Bevin Robinson

*Shot on location at Morgan's
Farm, Island Falls, NY.*



Cale wears vintage grey poncho and combat boots, leaf shorts and checkered shirt by Laura Dawson





BROWN'S
ROAD
THOSE WHO PASS
SHALL NEVER
AGAIN FIGHT OVER
BRIDGES, PASTURES
AND OTHER SMALL
THINGS OF LIFE.



Ben wears t shirt and necklace by Love Brigade, black vest by Saenai, striped pants by Tripp NYC, sneakers by Etnies Plus, glasses by Alain Mikli.

Shane wears scarf and sweater by Mishka, corduroys by Altamont, sneakers by Va and vintage fedora.

Ben wears t shirt and necklace by Love Brigade, black vest by Saenai, striped pants by Tripp NYC, sneakers by Etnies Plus, glasses by Alain Mikli.

JOSÉ GONZÁLEZ
IN OUR NATURE



ONTOUR:

9/27/07	Tburs	New York	Blender Theater at Gramercy
9/28/07	Fri	New York	Blender Theater at Gramercy
9/29/07	Sat	Brooklyn	Music Hall of Williamsburg
9/30/07	Sun	Boston	Paradise
10/1/07	Mon	Philadelphia	World Café
10/2/07	Tues	Washington DC	9:30 Club
10/4/07	Tburs	Chicago	Park West
10/5/07	Fri	Portland OR	Aladdin Theater
10/7/07	Sun	Seattle	Showbox
10/8/07	Mon	San Francisco	Great American Music Hall
10/9/07	Tues	San Francisco	Great American Music Hall
10/10/07	Wed	Los Angeles	El Rey Theater
10/12/07	Fri	Denver	Bluebird Theater
10/13/07	Sat	Minneapolis	Fine Line Music Café

NEW ALBUM

IN STORES SEPTEMBER 25

Paul van Dyk
in between



FIRST NEW ARTIST ALBUM SINCE 2003'S
GRAMMY-NOMINATED REFLECTIONS

Includes first single "White Lies". Features collaborations with David Byrne, Jessica Sutta, Ashley Tamberlin and more!



Simian Mobile Disco

THE YEAR'S MOST ANTICIPATED
DANCE MUSIC DISCS GO HEAD TO
HEAD AND REVIVE HOUSE, TECHNO,
BIG BEAT, AND ROCK ALL AT ONCE.

JUSTICE
†
Vice/US/CD



SIMIAN MOBILE DISCO
ATTACK DECAY SUSTAIN RELEASE
Wichita/US/CD



Ten years on, big beat has slipped back in through dance music's back door with the help of twin duos, one English, one French. Like Daft Punk and the Chemical Brothers before them, Justice and Simian Mobile Disco make enormous, catchy, brilliantly dumb-seeming records that appeal directly to the spinal cord, then worm into the hips' pop pleasure center.

SMD's *Attack Decay Sustain Release* basks in the glossy, worry-free appeal of the dance micro-genres that time forgot: hi-NRG, machined-smooth fashion-boutique house, and the New Order fixation of early indie rock; and when the hip-shaking gets too easy, in rushes thunderous sonics and the still-hair-raising acid sound. Justice's † (pronounced "cross") swallows the oh-so-serious fun of (mostly) French filter-house and nu-disco and spits up a crazed, jagged collision of midrange's greatest hits, from the Bomb Squad to Stardust, giving listeners a compelling choice between headbanging and pop-locking.

Simian Mobile Disco emerged from the competent U.K. indie-rock outfit Simian, and *Attack* resounds with the joy of two people who stopped trying to be cool and went back to dusty cassettes recorded in grade school. The clean sheen of techno's various radio stints form the bedrock of Simian Mobile Disco's radio-friendly three-to-four-minute tracks, with techniques scraped from every digital and analog crevice of dance music. "It's the Beat" serves as a template: Morse-code synth taps ping out over metallic textures straight from Mantronix; The Go! Team's Ninja does the proto-hip-hop schoolyard chant that forms the hook as vertiginous rests topple into vocoder chaos. The closer, "Scott," veers into vintage LFO/Orbital territory, but make sure to rewind for "I Believe," a FruityLooped showcase for Simon Lord's vocals, with lyrics straight out of uplifting '80s house and no shortage of rave's Hoover swoosh. Even when

"Tits and Acid" threatens to tip over a table full of overdriven Rolands, Simian Mobile Disco stays catchy without so much as an undermining sidelong wink.

Justice, on the other hand, sounds like what it is: two French guys who bleed dance music, but punch a hole in their own beats in a noble attempt to create heavy metal with dance tools. Their Gallic predecessors in Daft Punk chopped dance's history to pieces with a knowing smile, but Justice doesn't seem to care about their place in the dance spectrum—they just want to know if every knob will go to 11. † features enough overdriven synthesizers, pleasantly disorienting edits, and boosted treble to make Vitalic sick, but where SMD dirties up a catchy tune, Justice builds catchy tunes out of dance's dirt. "Phantom" sounds like AC/DC raised on filter house, but it's no surprise when the snap bass and broken percussion supporting it give way to almost-corny disco strings on "Phantom Part II." The unholy "Waters of Nazareth" twists and turns choppy hooks through timpani and pads until only a fake pipe organ can provide shelter from the storm.

Neither † nor *Attack Decay Sustain Release* exist in a vacuum—it was Justice's remix of Simian's "Never Be Alone" that propelled their friends to reform as a dance duo, and they've probably logged more festival time together than cotton candy and Ferris wheels. Indeed, the two discs work best together, a sort of yin and yang of what happened to big beat after sloshing about under a decade of microscopic genre movements. If Simian Mobile Disco eventually rules the pop charts and SportsCenter montages, and Justice's heavy metal thunder soundtracks desert raves and surrealist sci-fi, they'll have their Chemical and Punk forebears to thank—or remix. *Rob Geary*

Album
Reviews
9.07





HEIDI MORTENSON
DON'T LONELY ME
Wired/GER/CD

Berlin-based Norwegian Heidi Mortenson is like the quirky kid lurking in the corner of chem class who sneaks off to punk-rock concerts at night. Indeed, her new album *Don't Lonely Me* is part beat-chemist's work and punk bravado, with a clear nod to Peaches' sexy, campy romps. The title cut best exemplifies *Lonely's* edgy swagger: icy spoken-word drawls punctuate Mortenson's electro-pop rhythms, lending a too-cool-for-school ambience throughout. Mortenson isn't shy about girl-on-girl love, and tracks like "Girl Since I Met You" are lush odes to lust and heartache. It's the outcast who rules *Lonely*: a sense of being on the outside looking in, which translates into a rueful feeling shining through Mortenson's plaintive vocals. She might croon "I ain't happy/I am alone" on the title track, but if it sounds this good to fly solo, maybe lonely is the new cool. *Janet Tzou*



AARON SPECTRE
LOST TRACKS
Ad Noiseam/GER/CD

Aaron Spectre returns to his roots here, offering up unreleased tunes that people might've heard when he was playing ambient rooms and running the Share night at NYC's OpenAir (ie. his dreamy side where he manages to pull on everything from Eno to AFX to Slowdive). *Lost Tracks* is nine nearly perfect pieces that interlock whirring, clicking, granulated beats with a drawn-out, distorted combination of instruments that could either be analog synths, guitar, or the dulcimer. The end result is that rarest of creations, an ambient album that has a pulse, a life, and a dark narrative without being cheesy. It's the sweet side of one of the world's greatest and most versatile producers. *Matt Earp*

ART BRUT
IT'S A BIT COMPLICATED
Downtown/US/CD

It's hard to consider Art Brut part of the outsider art movement they're named for, now that the British band's got a well-received first album under its belt and is onto a sophomore release. Sure, they could have made their art-punk more, well, complicated, but instead they've cranked their previous sound up to 11. Brash guitars, upbeat tempos, Eddie Argos' spoken-ish lyrics (usually about relationships, from the fun to the failed)—everything sounds shinier this time around. When it works, it's as impossible to hate as puppies, like the mixtape ode "Sound of Summer." But after awhile there's a sense of sameness that dulls the impact of even the album's best songs. *Luciana Lopez*

BAD BRAINS
BUILD A NATION
Megaforce/US/CD

Bad Brains is one of American punk's great underdogs. They wrote the book on harDCore in the earliest '80s, and seamlessly integrated Rasta spirituality into the noise. Sadly, they went from being brush-clearing pioneers to becoming a footnote too often overlooked in punk history. On *Build a Nation*, produced by Beastie Boy Adam Yauch, we have vintage Brains: H.R.'s reggae croon still walks peacefully in Eden amid the noise, and the band still grooves well at 120-BPM hardcore excursions and roots-dub retreats. However, the album's traditionalism handicaps them—so many hardcore bands have copied Bad Brains' sound over the past 25 years, the music ends up sounding generic. *Cameron Macdonald*

BELLERUCHE
TURNTABLE SOUL MUSIC
Tru Thoughts/UK/CD

The debut of Tru Thoughts' latest addition, Belleruche, offers the same vocal-pop appeal that once made trip-hoppers Massive Attack and Portishead so exciting. The trio of vocalist Kathrin DeBoer, guitarist Ricky Fabulous, and DJ Modest has crafted just what the album's title suggests: sweet, sweet soul built around jazzy guitars, handcrafted beats, and a dusting of turntablism. DeBoer's vocals sound like those of Roisin Murphy, or even a latter-day Sarah Vaughn, as she sings over standout cuts like the Bonobo-esque "Northern Girls" or the clever sampler-jazz funk of "Minor Swing." Tru Thoughts has become a guiding light in the new-school funk, soul, and downtempo worlds, and this is proof that they're staying put. *Joshua P. Ferguson*

BITTER:SWEET
THE REMIX GAME
Quango/US/CD

Shana Halligan and Kiran Shahani's debut album as trip-hop duo Bitter:Sweet last year was elegant and cosmopolitan, spawning a slew of remixes (but doesn't everything?). This album collects some of the more notable ones, from the excellent but unsurprising bossa and lounge stylings of Nicola Conte and Thievery Corporation, to the funky Fort Knox Five remix of "Salty Air," to the horn-heavy, spacey Yes King remix of "The Mating Game" (the title track of the 2006 album). Skeewiff's rock guitar-laced "Dirty Laundry" and the acoustic guitar-backed "Moody" from Marsmobile further push the boundaries. Halligan's sultry vocals and Shahani's polished production are quality source material, and the versatility here keeps it as distinct and enjoyable as the original. *Luciana Lopez*

BONDE DO ROLE
WITH LASERS
Domino/US/CD

Edu K's *baile* funk-rock anthem, "Popozuda Rock 'n' Roll," must be one of the touchstone songs of the young century. And to prove it, here's the Diplo-produced album by Bonde Do Role, a trio of hipsters from the Brazilian town of Curitiba: An entire album of funk laced with the kinds of gritty guitars and gang-bang vocals that made Edu K famous. But there's more to Bonde Do Role than just *baile's* rolling rhythms and call-and-response chants. New-wave synth stabs and boppy vocals, dance-punk, and indie influences abound—there's something almost studied about Bonde's *baile* that makes *With Lasers* simultaneously deeper and, perhaps, less cathartic than the anonymous ghetto funk we've fallen for. *Justin Hopper*

CARIBOU
ANDORRA
Merge/US/CD

With his fourth full-length, Dan "Caribou" Snaith compiles his finest collection yet of freakbeat fills and darting trills. This tribal collage melds the lyrical introspection of The Zombies with the percussive insistence of Can, echoing the blearier, balmier harmonies of Elliott Smith and Dennis Wilson with Silver Apples-esque oscillations. Snaith plays or programs every single warble, sleigh bell, and whistle, save for one guest vocal from Junior Boys' Jeremy Greenspan. But perhaps the most surprising moment is the euphoric trance-recalling/redeeming melody (think Binary Finary's "1998") that ascends through flushed closing track "Niobe," which dilates and contracts like one of the rave scene's expandable phosphorescent spheres. The last three tracks are more caliginous, but equally proud psyche-pop tone poems. *Tony Ware*

C-RAYZ WALZ
THE DROPPING
Sun Cycle/US/CD

C-Rayz has built his career on being the not-so-serious MC with a serious edge, musically and lyrically. His use of wit and cynicism, combined with a deadly flow and gifted storytelling, have garnered him impressive accolades. With that kind of momentum, there's no reason to stop now. *The Dropping*, like *Year of the Beast* before it, is an excellently produced album, with the vivid imagery we've come to expect. He turns it out on "Childhood," with notable guest spots by Kosher Dillz and reggae upstart Matisyahu, and the Chinese folk playing of "Ginseng" is a prime example of his brilliance: a phat sound, dope beat, and a story to remember. *Derek Beres*

DÄLEK
DEADVERSE MASSIVE VOL. 1: DÄLEK RARITIES 1999-2006
Hydra Head/US/CD

Newark MC dälek and producer Oktopus have played like grime-caked Ghostbusters across three albums and several EPs—capturing specters straining violently at the contorted abscesses of hip-hop's containment grid. Now they round up the roaming poltergeists that have haunted their catalog. The collection's first third presents mëlées howling through the cracks in abraded monoliths (drawn from post-industrial collaborations with Techno Animal and Kid606, among other sources). The middle is a less jagged, more an ambient handshake between squelch and squall (including remixes of Velma and Enon and a 16-minute soundtrack for New York's Anti-Social Music collective). Finally, the last four tracks are taken from 2006's *Streets All Amped 12*—a sweltering, viscous-as-fresh-blacktop nod to the group's tight late-'90s debut. *Tony Ware*

DEV/NULL
LAZER THRASH
Cock Rock Disco/GER/CD

If you dipped a thousand lick-a-sticks in crystal meth and fed them to a bunch of already-crazed six-year-old versions of Jason Forrest, you might reach a quarter of the intensity and sheer manic glee with which Dev/Null produced this album. *Lazer Thrash* is breakcore taken to its (il)logical extreme, disintegrating into ridiculous spurts of noise and drums, then reanimating into a zombie corpse of hip-hop, electro, and every rave tune Dev/Null's ever gotten his hands on. His humor and good nature shines through the pure insanity, anchoring the album and making it one of the best releases yet on Cock Rock Disco. Three years in the making, *Lazer Thrash* proves worth the wait. *Matt Earp*

DJ ALIBI
ONE DAY
Tres/US/CD

Ready for some Russian boom-bap? No, it's not a new Vadim album, but the debut of 21-year-old Mikhail "DJ Alibi" Galkin, a Moscow-born, Toronto-based musician who's thoroughly self-schooled in dope beat production. Galkin's instrumental tracks contain ample dusty-crate samples and thick MPC drum thumps, as well as his own live instrumentation and stylish arrangements. But Galkin saves some of his best beats for guest MCs Theo 3, Giant Panda, and Insight; the latter's lyric-spattered "Let's Ride" is viciously funky uptempo hip-hop. Contrast that with "Life at the Rex" s Grant Green-style cool-jazz guitar licks, or the sashaying "Samba International," and you'll realize Galkin's music is indeed a fresh alibi. *Tomas Palermo*

FALSE
2007
Minus/GER/CD

After a four-year hiatus, Matthew Dear re-establishes his False brand as a pinnacle of minimal-techno artistry. *2007* is sequenced as a continuous live set, but it gets off to an unpredictable start with "Indy 3000" s chillily, Thomas Köner-esque ambience. With "Meat Me In the Markt" and "Warm Co.," though, Dear starts the lofty party by shifting into some mantra-like minimalist techno that recalls label boss Richie Hawtin. From there, Dear burrows deeper into cerebral textures while also paying proper attention to dancers' pelvises. On "Disease/George Washington," things get disturbingly weird, as if Throbbing Gristle temporarily commandeered Dear's laptop, foreshadowing the disc's final four tracks: an ominous suite of peak-time lysergic disorientation. Domes will definitely be cracked. *Dave Segal*

VIEUX FARKA TOURE
REMIXED: UFOS OVER BAMAKO
Modiba/US/CD

Until now, Vieux Farka Toure wasn't especially well known to Western audiences, but his father, Ali Farka Toure, was one of the most famous African bluesmen ever. Vieux has not only the bloodline but the grasp of subtle musical nuances required of a master musician. On *Remixed: UFOS Over Bamako*, the traditional Malian music that the Farka Toure clan excels at is updated into an accessible, modern form courtesy of remixers Karsh Kale, Yossi Fine, Cheb i Sabbah, Captain Planet, and Fabian Alsalutany. The results are often stunning; this isn't just your basic worldtronica album, but a seamless synthesis of ancient tradition and techno-modernism, revealing layer upon layer of intricate, chilled grooves with each listen. *Eric K. Arnold*

GRAVY TRAIN!!!!
ALL THE SWEET STUFF
Cochon/US/CD

Gravy Train!!!! is never going to top the raunch-rap glory of 2005's *Are You Wigglin?* But could we ever expect the Bay Areans to match something like "Kottonmouth BJ," with its classic "You can't bone my mouth/When my mouth is bone dry" b-girl punch? On *All the Sweet Stuff*, they didn't bother to try, instead dumping rap for campy teenybopper sing-alongs. With songs about frat parties, crushes, and jerking off, the album moves from the filth we know and love ("I wanna jack you off through your pants" on "Strip 4 Me") to bubblegum smut ("We could masturbate/Or we could roller-skate") that's been lubed with the KY left over from "Kottonmouth BJ." *Michael Byrne*

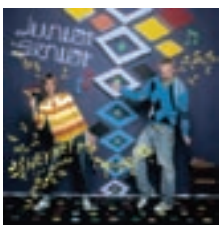
BILLIE HOLIDAY
REMIXED & REIMAGINED
Columbia Legacy Remixed/US/CD

It's hard to imagine any singer from the '30s remaining relevant on any level 70 years later, other than perhaps Ms. Billie Holiday. Yet it's also hard to imagine any remix project fully doing justice to the legendary Lady Day, much as *Remixed & Reimagined* tries. "Spreadin' Rhythm Around" effectively blends jump-up jazz with swingin' verses from Ladybug Mecca, while Nickodemus & Zeb reshape "Trav'lin' All Alone" into a downtempo gem. But Holiday's voice seems particularly disembodied on many tracks—hers is a haunting, ethereal presence seemingly more suited to gramophones than digital players. Still, when these mash-ups work, they hit a cool-ass blue note that even technology can't sully. *Eric K. Arnold*



MICHAEL FAKESCH
DOS
K71/GER/CD

On his first post-Funkstörung solo album, producer Michael Fakesch gives neon-tinted '80s electro/dance beats a frantic upgrade. Featuring heavy contributions from singer Taprikk Sweezee (a Teutonic Justin Timberlake with a thing for a certain *Dirty Dancing* star), Fakesch's album is full of millennial funk informed by glitch clicks and Michael Jackson hits. Sweezee's delivery lacks Timberlake's instant pop appeal and Jamie Lidell's raw emotional range, but it's not the solid album's only crutch. Fakesch's constantly morphing production, reams of hyperactive techno beats, and mechanized funk in overdrive can become a bit overbearing. Where Lidell pulled back on the clicks and cuts enough to let vocals and strong melodies lead, *Dos* occasionally rattles around with too much auditory competition. *Patrick Sisson*



JUNIOR SENIOR

HEY HEY MY MY YO YO

Rykodisc/US/CD

Danish dance-hop duo Junior Senior is many things—frothy, frenetic, summery—but subtle isn't one of them. When they say there's "too much good stuff out there to ignore" on "Hip Hop a Lula," they're not kidding; they've got a kitchen-sink aesthetic that constantly jumps influences. Still, there's an overall retro feeling to *Hey Hey My My Yo Yo*, their second full-length, that hearkens back to innocently sweet '60s pop and the deep joy of Motown, helped by guest stars such as Cindy Wilson and Kate Pierson of the B-52's and venerable girl group The Velvettes. Who needs subtle when its opposite is so much fun? *Luciana Lopez*

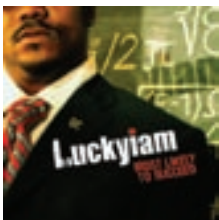


KINSKI

DOWN BELOW IT'S CHAOS

Sub Pop/US/CD

This Seattle outfit's last album, *Alpine Static*, was an aptly named fuzzy maelstrom. Here Kinski recovers its lost melodies, but that's not to say the epic guitar anthems are gone; "Boy, Was I Mad!" is a colossus built of riffage and distorted sustain. Still, the smoking four-piece has gone conventional in its weaponry; "Crybaby Blowout" is a tidy head-banger that could make the radio, which is seriously saying something for this band. And the addition of axe man Chris Martin's vocals on tracks like the dirty, groovy "Passwords and Alcohol" and "Dayroom at Narita Int'l" put the band firmly in the corner of Geffen-era Sonic Youth. *Chaos* never sounded so clean. *Scott Thill*



LEYODE

FASCINATING TININESS

Eastern Developments/US/CD

Landing on Scott "Prefuse 73" Herren's Eastern Developments imprint allowed the Atlanta-to-NYC-based duo of Yusuke Hama and Laurel Wells to get all cinematic on *Fascinating Tininess*, fusing samples, beats, and loopy, ethereal vocals into a psyco-trippy-folky brew splendid for movie soundtracks. The pair's plan was to create sound for French New Wave film clips, and things inevitably blossomed when Leyode's lounge filled with Savath y Savalas (yet another Herren alter-ego), Patrick Ferrell, REDROOM, and Leb-Laze. Featuring Herren, "Hassami" is choice material, its noodly opening and stuttering rhythm propelling both his and Wells' voices as they weave together like a medieval tapestry. "Sophie" is another glitchy standout, burping and hiccupping along, yet smoothed over by dreamy vocalizations. *Stacy Meyn*

LIARS

LIARS

Mute/US/CD

Drums are dead, in a sense, for these no-wave nabobs on their self-titled fourth full-length. Sounding more Phil Spector than Brian Eno this time around, Angus Andrew and Co. jettison the Berlin-esque savor and drum-mobbed brio of last year's *Drum's Not Dead* for the jangly, fuzz pop of *Psychocandy*-era Jesus and Mary Chain on songs such as "Pure Unevil" and "What Would They Know." But *Liars* isn't a complete homage to the brothers Reid—the trio wonderfully crafts a catatonic echo chamber of damaged electronics and prickly guitar clatter on "Leather Prowler," while the turbulent snare blasts and taut, angular guitars of "Plaster Casts of Everything" has the group conjuring up noisy, yet danceable art-punk. *Chris Sabbath*

LUCKYIAM

MOST LIKELY TO SUCCEED

Cornerstone R.A.S.-Legendary/US/CD

From the Bay to L.A., few Cali hip-hop crews have achieved such indie success as the Living Legends. Smooth-flowed Legends co-founder Luckyiam (a.k.a. PSC) has a lot to do with that triumph. On his latest solo effort, *Lucky* is at the top of his game, revealing himself to be a remarkably versatile MC. While not quite the charismatic storyteller that Murs is, Lucky is equally adept at painting an honest portrait of his environment ("Tear Him Down"), uncovering record-industry realities ("Rap, Rap, Rap"), and attempting to figure out the key to relationships ("I Guess"). Moreover, the mostly in-house beats add some extra soul to this satisfying solo shot. *Max Herman*

MAGIK MARKERS

BOSS

Ecstatic Peace/US/CD

On *BOSS*, Magik Markers compose and perform actual songs, which is a major left turn for these noiseniks, whose reputation paints them as free-rockers damaged by tangled strings and headless beats. Under the helm of producer Lee Ranaldo, the duo tempers its energy into mud-caked psych rock for a moonless American wasteland. Elisa Ambrogio mainly sings in an exhausted washing woman's pace on dirges like "Axis Mundi" and the wearied, elegant piano ballad "Empty Bottles." The Markers' habit of collapsing into white noise rarely figures here, but they indulge in irritating loops of tortured screams on "Circle." Overall, *BOSS* signals a healthy direction for a band that otherwise kisses the plastic explosives strapped to its chest. *Cameron Macdonald*

METAMATICS & NORKEN

MY FAVOURITE KIND OF IRRELEVANCE: A METAMATICS & NORKEN RETROSPECTIVE

Hydrogen Dukebox/UK/2CD

A Lee Norris production is akin to that dog-eared baseball card you placed at the top of your shoebox stacks as a kid—the face of a familiar, yet largely unsung hero gazing outward every time you opened the lid. For some reason that card was always your favorite, despite it trading for a fraction of that commanded by "bigger" stars. Norris is that woefully underrated producer behind the wobbly, tottering funk of Metamatics, with the ghostly shadows of Detroit omnipresent in his work as Norken. With this release, Hydrogen Dukebox has put together a double-disc compendium chronicling many of Norris' finest moments at bat. And it's home-run material through and through. *Brock Phillips*



OSUNLADE

ELEMENTS BEYOND

Strictly Rhythm/UK/CD

It's hardly an overstatement to recognize Strictly Rhythm for what it was in the '90s: a juggernaut that comprehensively shaped NYC's house-music sound. Now safely tucked under the wing of U.K. imprint Defected (where several ex-Strictly artists have already migrated), Yoruba Records founder Osunlade's elegant new full-length elevates the recently re-launched Strictly profile once more. *Elements* delivers a satisfying taste of all things house: from its soaring melodic opener ("A Cloud Mist") to downtempo spoken-word poems ("Cream"), to trance-steeped synths ("139th Street") and stripped-down, old-school dancefloor anthems that ooze classic Strictly style ("Queens Battle"). *Elements* resonates with something joyous and celebratory, fittingly echoing what SR chief Mark Finkelstein must have felt when he managed to wrestle his original catalog back from ex-partner Warner Music Group after four years in court—you can hear indie labels everywhere giving a collective cheer. *Janet Tzou*

RHYMESAYERS

ATMOSPHERE

Sad Clown Bad Summer #9



IN STORES NOW

Just in time for a little Summer fun **Slug & Ant** drop volume 9 of their infamous *Sad Clown* series to hold us over while they put the finishing touches on their 6th official studio album *When Life Gives You Lemons...* due early next year.

MF DOOM

MM..FOOD?



IN STORES NOW

Seconds Anyone? After being out of print for close to two years, **MM..FOOD?** returns with a **Bonus DVD** with over an hour of live performances and behind the scenes footage. The initial pressing of this reissue also comes in a **special limited candy bar chocolate scratch-n-sniff silver mylar package with a bonus poster and sticker to boot.**

BROTHER ALI

The Undisputed Truth



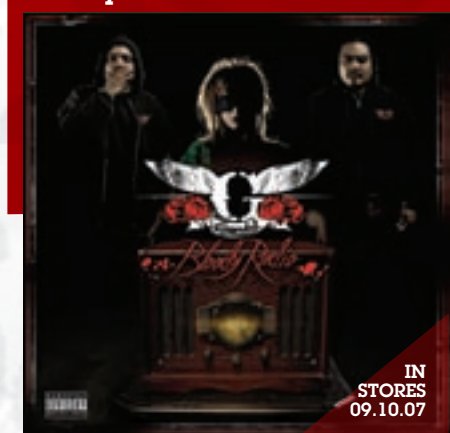
IN STORES NOW

"If his first album, *Shadows on the Sun* - one of 2003's best hip Hop releases - was meant to introduce Ali... then *The Undisputed Truth* seals the damn deal." **URB ★★★★★**

"Ant perfectly underscores Ali's gruff cadence, simultaneously self assured and stressed, with a melodic lope that scrunches soul vocals underneath loops of bluesy guitar." **Spin ★★★★★**

GRAYSKUL

Bloody Radio



IN STORES 09.10.07

Onry Ozzborn (Count Draven) & **JFK** (Count Magnus) return with their latest opus *Bloody Radio*. A conceptual masterpiece that serves itself as reverse brainwash music for today's contemporary hip hop radio listener, typically force-fed imaginary genres. *Bloody Radio* features guest appearances by **Slug of Atmosphere**, **Aesop Rock**, **Pigeon John**, **Cage & Andrea Zollo** of **Pretty Girls Makes Graves**.

MAC LETHAL

11:11



IN STORES 10.09.07

The debut full-length album from Kansas City's native son **Mac Lethal**. One of **URB's Next 100** Mac Lethal has been making a name for himself for years. Whether he's terrorizing rappers at events like **Scribble Jam ('02 MC Battle Champion)** or earning his road stripes touring with artists like **Atmosphere**, **Sage Francis** or **P.O.S.** Mac Lethal has arrived and he's brought his signature sarcastic observation on life with him.

COMING SOON:

ATMOSPHERE
When Life Gives You Lemons...

AB RUDE + VITAMIN D
Dear Abbey

JAKE ONE
Jake One Presents: White Van Music

CATCH ATMOSPHERE, BROTHER ALI, MAC LETHAL AND GRAYSKUL ON TOUR THIS FALL.



MOLLOY

THIS IS FUCKING BRILLIANT

Kitty-Yo/GER/download

Obviously, British five-piece Molloy doesn't suffer from low self-esteem—nor should they, as this raucous electro-punk-pop album makes clear. They're at their best when they go ovaries-to-the-wall, as on "Tracy," a relentlessly sleazy pop confection that fully deserves the week it'll spend stuck in your head. Even when they pull back, as on "Dirty Church," their rock sneer comes through loud and clear. But "Blackout" opens with an aggressive, elastic riff that's never quite fulfilled by the rest of the track; "Paradoxical" sounds too conventional to take off; and "Ghost" doesn't have all the kick it needs. Uneven, yes, but sometimes fucking brilliant. *Luciana Lopez*

MR. J MEDEIROS

OF GODS AND GIRLS

Rawkus/US/CD

Mr. J Medeiros—one third of the righteous hip-hop act The Procussions—takes on some harsh subject matter on his solo debut. But this ambitious MC only brings up issues of human trafficking ("Constance") and plunging into debt ("Half Dream") to help the world overcome them. Outside of the studio, Mr. J regularly partakes in community outreach programs, and his helping-hand mentality shines through in his constructive raps. With its activist approach and mid-tempo, treble-heavy beats (from The Procussions and others), *Of Gods and Girls* is not the type of hip-hop you really want to bump in your system. It is, however, ideal headphone music for sitting back and contemplating a better tomorrow. *Max Herman*

NIGHT OF THE BRAIN

WEAR THIS WORLD OUT

Station 55/US/CD

As half of Super_Collider alongside Jamie Lidell, Cristian Vogel captured ghosts in the machine. But Super_Collider's apex, 1999's electro-soul album *Head On*, feels infinitely more like the logical precursor to Lidell's croon-n-paste solo works than to the console strip-cauterized, art-damaged rock of this Vogel-centered quartet. Using exercises in skuzzy, serialist composition and an obvious affection for quixotic Lower East Side free-jazz, Vogel and associates draw on ectoplasmic post-hardcore rather than 'ardkore techno. The first half of the 10 tracks (with fleeting nods to Sonic Youth, Frank Black, and later Radiohead) have an increasingly diffused aura of hallucinogenic dynamics, while the second half delves more toward sequenced squalls. Overall, a persuasive series of dissociative, noirish silhouettes. *Tony Ware*

NORTHERN STATE

CAN I KEEP THIS PEN?

Ipecac/US/CD

Stereotypes quickly make the imagination dance on most people's first listen to Northern State. These female rappers straight outta Dix Hills bare fangs like "I wish you well, what the fuck?/I heard your mom drives an ice cream truck," and try to seduce through lines like "I'll organize your underpants/I'll color-code it/I'll make you a vegan pie and then I'll à la mode it!" But that is NS's charm—they are what they damn well please and have no pretensions to earn "street cred." Many lyrics induce cringes, but the music's robotic guitar riffs and Luscious Jackson-style roller-rink funk earn them some forgiveness. *Cameron Macdonald*

ODD NOSDAM

LEVEL LIVE WIRES

Anticon/US/CD

David Madson's five years as Anticon's art director help explain the rich cinematographic sensibility of his latest album for the label. With grainy textures and converging sounds, the album feels like a collection of home movies, rendered entirely into audio—a kind of anthropological soundtrack. There's the drawn-out claustrophobia of the aptly titled "Freakout 3," the soaring "Fat Hooks," with its airy vocals, and the destructiveness of "Burner" capturing the explosion of a Ford at Madson's old digs. The album unfolds slowly, revealing itself in bits and pieces but ultimately showing an emotional range that builds, reverses, builds again, and changes. Much like life—or at least a really good simulacrum. *Luciana Lopez*

OH NO

DR. NO'S OXPERIMENT

Stones Throw/US/CD

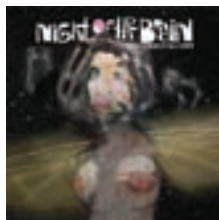
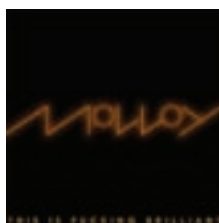
When your record label GM grants you *carte blanche* to his vast library of rare jazz, funk, and psych rock from the far reaches of Europe, you don't drag ass at the opportunity to chop up these treasures into samples for your next record. Oh No, Madlib's baby brother, takes heed and rises to the occasion, further expanding his conceptual horizons in the burgeoning tradition of Stones Throw's 30-track beat reel, solely with nuggets gleaned from Turkey, Greece, Italy, and Lebanon. While no one's spitting multi-syllabic bars over these clever instrumentals, the results of this "oxperiment" (dubbed for Oh No's hometown of Oxnard, CA) exhibit a dope alchemy of West Coast bounce-meets-vintage Mediterranean and Arabic swagger. *Rico "Superbizzee" Washington*

PANDATONE

HAPPY TOGETHER

Music Related/US/CD

Three years since his debut, *Lemons and Limes*, on the now-defunct Neo Ouija label, New York's Pandatone (a.k.a. Trevor Sias) releases *Happy Together* on his own Music Related imprint. Expanding on the processed guitar compositions of *Lemons and Limes*, *Happy Together* features spare field recordings, carefully placed synths, and hushed vocals from Julianna Barwick and Sias himself. "The Last To Remain" opens the record with subdued layers of acoustic guitar and Barwick's comforting voice. Elsewhere, "The Fog of Memory" recalls early Greg Davis, while "We Fucking Love You" channels a quieter *Kid A*. By carefully balancing chopped experimentation with lush tones and accessible songwriting, *Happy Together* has something for obsessive audiophiles and casual pop fans alike. *Josiah Hughes*



PINBACK
AUTUMN OF THE SERAPHS

Touch and Go/US/CD

It's hard to go wrong with Pinback. Zach Smith and Rob Crow, computer-friendly indie rockers descended from the fertile San Diego art-rock scene, haven't fucked up yet and likely never will—they have sick chops and instincts so pop they might as well be branded by Bubblicious. While *Autumn of the Seraphs* might not best *Summer in Abaddon*, it's stacked with immersive nuggets. "From Nothing to Nowhere" is a flawless example of what they can do with a break-neck tempo, while "Barnes" shows off their gift for math-funk. And I know they may hate to hear this, but they've got as much Depeche Mode as Slint in their genes: One listen to the electro-poppy "Good to Sea" should nail that affiliation. Meanwhile, the epic finale "Off by 50" lays bare their rawk skeleton and wraps *Autumn* with a bang. *Scott Thill*

Fantastic Playroom



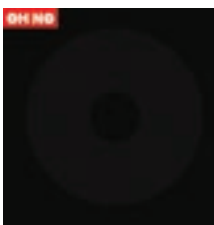
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CARLTON PATTERSON & KING TUBBY
BLACK & WHITE IN DUB

Hot Pot/US/CD
We should all know King Tubby—dub’s founding father—by now. Carlton Patterson’s a bit more obscure, unless you happened to be around Kingston, Jamaica’s Waterhouse studio between the years of 1974 and 1982, when Patterson was producing artists like Barrington Levy and Horace Andy. *Black & White in Dub* collects 21 tracks from that era—all engineered by Tubby, with the exception of one King Jammy-mixed tune. Highlights include Ansel Collins’ organ doodles on “Zone Dub” and Bobby Kalphat’s Augustus Pablo-esque melodica on “Liberation Front.” Worth checking for ’70s roots collectors and Tubbyphiles, but skippable if you prefer updated variations on the dub theme. *Eric K. Arnold*



PHAROAE MONCH
DESIRE

SRC-Universal/US/CD
It’s been nearly eight years since his last proper release. Is Pharoahe pissed? No doubt. On his sophomore full-length—held-up due to record-label legal issues—the rapper exceeds the high standard set by his 1999 debut, *Internal Affairs*. Like Muhammad Ali after his imposed exile, Monch comes out swinging hard on tracks like “Free,” labeling the record industry a modern-day slave plantation. Referencing his Organized Konfuzion days, he personifies a bullet on “The Gun Draws,” firing shots at America’s violence-saturated culture. On the Tower of Power-driven single, “Push,” he sounds inspired. Muzzled for far too long, Monch has returned with a passion that will satisfy heads seeking alternatives to ringtone rap and prefab rage. *James Mayo*



PRINZHORN DANCE SCHOOL
PRINZHORN DANCE SCHOOL

DFA-Astralwerks/US/CD
Despite their name, Brighton, UK’s Prinzhorn Dance School fits in the Black Dice camp of DFA bands that don’t cause eruptive dance parties. The bass and guitar usually play the same staccato notes atop first-drum-lesson-style beats, while Tobin Prinz and Suzi Horn exchange vocals. One look at The Shaggs proves that poor instrumentation can work sometimes, but Prinzhorn Dance School’s boring-for-the-sake-of-boring style exudes a cool hipster air that swallows their likeability. Sure, “Up! Up! Up!” is an okay knock-off of today’s Dischord bands, and “Worker” makes the most out of its slow, brooding bassline, but this debut only works if you want to listen to the same idea for 42 straight minutes. *Josiah Hughes*

RONDO BROTHERS
SEVEN MINUTES TO MIDNIGHT

Citrus to Citrus/US/CD
San Francisco-based production duo Rondo Brothers’ *Seven Minutes to Midnight* is whimsically eclectic, veering through a multitude of genres including hip-hop, rock, and dream-pop. Honing their craft since 2003, and working alongside folks like Dan the Automator, technical teammates Jim Greer and Brandon Arnovick create appealing songs with engaging arrangements throughout this 17-track suite. Some of the downtempo instrumentals, like “El Corazon,” aren’t too inspiring, but the intrigue factor kicks in with the dreamy “I Feel in Love.” These Brothers do their best to work it out, and the end result is a solid effort. *Velanche*

ANOUSHKA SHANKAR & KARSH KALE
BREATHING UNDERWATER

Manhattan/US/CD
The length these two artists have traveled to evolve classical Indian music is astounding, so their reunion could only result in greatness. Anoushka Shankar, whose father, Ravi, introduced the entire genre to Western audiences, plays the sitar beautifully above Karsh Kale’s *tablas*. Along with the MIDVal PunditZ, Kale’s production hand is exceptional, as the classical pantheon converges with digital technology. Sting, Norah Jones, Vishal Vaid, and Kale himself layer the instrumentals with brilliant vocals. An inclusion of Chinese folk music and a dazzling display of the *santur* make this a globetrotting effort. True to their original intent, all boundaries dissolve on this masterpiece. *Derek Beres*

STATELESS
STATELESS

!K7/US/CD
Do we need another Radiohead copycat? Leeds quintet Stateless must get asked that a lot. Lead singer Chris James’ delicate falsetto and his band’s ethereal pop do beg comparisons, but dig deeper into Stateless’ debut and a broader Brit-pop blueprint emerges, one that embraces everything from Zero 7 to Aphex Twin. “Prism #1” is a *tour de force*, with swelling, string-drenched choruses and lush melodic arrangements, while “Bloodstream”’s lazy tempo and moody lyrics recall Massive Attack’s bleak ballads. James’ earnest singing is often one note away from collapsing into pretension, but retreats enough to sustain the recording. Is this The Verve remixed by DJ Shadow? Nah, just Stateless making brilliant borderless pop. *Tomas Palermo*

SWAYZAK
SOME OTHER COUNTRY

!K7/US/CD
Swayzak’s James Taylor and David Brown have become some of the more reliable producers in the biz, and their fifth album doesn’t tinker with their signature sound too much: It’s still full of pop-friendly, atmospheric tech-house, where dubby, echoing beats abound. *Some Other Country* sounds a bit more contemplative than their prior full-lengths, but similar to their spellbinding DJ sets, Swayzak works this veneer of melancholy seamlessly onto the dancefloor. Check Richard Davis’ silky vocals on “No Sad Goodbyes” for nostalgic warmth, while the trance-pitched “Pukka Bumbles” is the next 2 a.m. club anthem, sure to inspire remixes aplenty. *Janet Tzou*



Morgan Packard

MORGAN PACKARD
AIRSHIPS FILL THE SKY

Anticipate/US/CD-DVD
Listening to the title track of New York composer Morgan Packard’s new album—a rich mixture of hisses, hazy accordion lines, and a simple and rubbery beat—it’s easy to visualize a fleet of bulbous, steampunk-style zeppelins inching across the horizon. Organic and feathery, Packard’s placid songs often engage and rarely float off course, filled with serene moments populated by string samples, soft drums, and repeatedly ringing bells (as on closing track “They Will Rise Forever”). The companion DVD, *Unsimulatable*, featuring music accompanied by the unfolding and ribbon-like visuals of Joshue Ott, further demonstrates the quiet calm achievable by deftly manipulating texture. On first glance, the morphing lines may look like a WinAmp upgrade, but the calligraphy-like loops are a good match for Packard’s ambient soundtrack. *Patrick Sisson*

Stones Throw Podcast

Free @ www.stonesthrow.com  powered by 

New headphones jams from: Madlib (“Beat Konducta in India”), Oh No (“Dr. No’s Oxperiment”), Percee P (“Perseverance”), Guilty Simpson (“Ode to the Ghetto”), Heliocentrics (“Out There”), and Baron Zen (“At the Mall Remixes”). We give stuff away, and sell CD’s too.



THE BUDOS BAND

THE BUDOS BAND II

Daptone/US/CD

On *II* The Budos Band doesn't achieve anything remarkably new—not that they need to. The Staten Island crew continues to draw the sweat and dirt from heavy funk, still blowing out music that's as alive today as it would have been 35 years ago. The brassmen sing through lungs seasoned by second-hand smoke from a hundred nightclubs, as best heard in the spy-movie dirges "Ride or Die" and "Scorpion." A great sense of space enriches the tight-fisted Latin groove of "King Cobra" and the interstellar funk voyage of "Mas O Menos." It's referential, but don't call it "retro." *Cameron Macdonald*

THE MAPS

WE CAN CREATE

Mute/US/CD

"I found a love/But lost my soul" Those kinds of lyrics are par for the course with music as intensely heady as James Chapman's (a.k.a. The Maps'), which buries vocal sentiments under broader instrumental ones in the vein of MBV or, more precisely, German folktronic producers like Guitars. But Chapman is not simply the latest guy storming the heavens. He has a profitable intimacy with melodies and atmospherics that bulls-eyes your aural sweet spots. His experimental melding of shoegaze and Brit-pop's best bits is edgy enough to place him a cut above the bedroom-composer competition. *Rachel Shimp*

THE POLITIK

THE POLITIK

Milan/US/CD

New Zealand keyboardist Mark de Clive-Lowe links with vocal goddess Bembé Segué to create The Politik, a soulful broken-beat project that expertly showcases each artist's shimmering talents. For those unfamiliar, both de Clive-Lowe and Segué have enhanced dozens of West London tracks by the scene's top producers (I.G. Culture, Bugz in the Attic, etc.). This self-titled release invokes the spirit of Minnie Riperton, Teena Marie, or Betty Davis' pioneering funk—layered, scatting, and sustained vocals swing with stabby, analog synth-bass riffs in a passionate boogie. "Money (Don't Let It Catch Ya)" exemplifies the album's lively give-and-take. No debate here: The Politik lobbies successfully for authentic, new-century soul. *Tomas Palermo*

THE REVOLUTIONARIES

DRUM SOUND: MORE GEMS FROM THE CHANNEL ONE DUB ROOM—1974 TO 1980

Pressure Sounds/UK/CD

Sly Dunbar is perhaps best known as the "drum" half of original D&B gods Sly & Robbie (whose credits are too numerous to mention). Pressure Sounds' latest excursion into dubwise version helps explain how Sly (leader of The Revolutionaries) became a deity of riddim—given free reign to tinker and experiment with his sound at the legendary Channel One studio, he did the damn thing. Old-school dub albums are no mystery: They work best when they're thick, heavy, and dry. *Drum Sound* offers no real surprises for seasoned echo heads, just killer dubs of 16 classic Channel One tracks. *Eric K. Arnold*

VHS OR BETA

BRING ON THE COMETS

Astralwerks/US/CD

Louisville, KY-based pogo-punk filter-funk group VHS or Beta aims for dream-pop arena rawk. From the first lucent cascade of chunky chords you can imagine guitarist Craig Pfunder at the front of the stage, one foot on the monitor and an arm outstretched toward the back row. Drawing on Daft Punk, Echo and The Bunnymen, Hum, and VoB collaborators My Morning Jacket, this third album's meaty, metronomic whorls exhibit plenty of tensile and tinsel strength. Whittled down to a poppier trio, having parted ways with founding guitarist Zeke Buck, their affected new new-wave yowls are less overt even as swelling vocals more deftly anchor curling riffs and centrifugal thwacks. *Tony Ware*

WILEY

PLAYTIME IS OVER

Big Dada/UK/CD

All bounce, bravado, street, and soul, *Playtime Is Over* stretches like elastic to highlight the finer points of Wiley's talent: his fiery delivery ("HyBoy"), his heartfelt love of his roots ("Bow E3" and "Letter 2 Dizzee"), and his ability to craft a full, darkly kick-ass pop tune ("Gangsters"). The sad thing is that a lot of the griminess

and outright experimental nature of Wiley's beats are gone. A few tracks stand out ("Eski Boy" lurches and thumps in some truly weird ways) but many of them go for the simple or the schmaltzy. Wiley's magnetic personality is still there though, and that's (mostly) enough to hold it. *Matt Earp*

YESTERDAY'S NEW QUINTET

YESTERDAY'S UNIVERSE

Stones Throw/US/CD

Otis Jackson, Jr. (a.k.a. Madlib) has an astounding ability to shapeshift genres at will. As if being an imaginary five-member group by himself wasn't challenging enough, *Yesterday's Universe* features 10 figment-like groups, all of them conceived in Jackson's hyperactive mind. Covers—of Miles Davis' "Bitches Brew," for one—play alongside original gems like the beautiful "Cold Nights and Rainy Days." This time he invites a couple of non-imaginary musicians to the fold (drummer Karriem Riggins and Azymuth's Mamão), too, and he stretches beyond the straight-ahead jazz style, delving into Latin delights, leftfield freestyle, and lush ballads. Madlib has stirred up a jazz *tour de force* that's one for the musical record books. *Velanche*

YOUNG MARBLE GIANTS

COLOSSAL YOUTH AND COLLECTED WORKS

Domino/US/CD

On the heels of similarly minded reissues from Brit proto-indie luminaries Orange Juice and Josef K, Domino offers the entire recorded output of seminal minimalists Young Marble Giants, including their lone LP, 1980's classic *Colossal Youth*. Hugely influential despite its brief lifespan, the Welsh trio stripped post-punk to its core—using only herky-jerky guitar and bass, a drum-machine loop, and singer Alison Statton's dreamy vocals to create a haunting, original sound more avant-pop than punk. The crucial disc here is *Youth*, but the additional tracks—from the band's *Testcard* EP, John Peel sessions, "Final Day" single, and *Salad Days*, an early-recordings collection—paint a clearer picture of a group whose significance extends well beyond its back catalog. *Joe Cally*

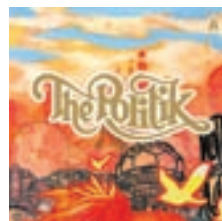


Photo by Merrill Kenney

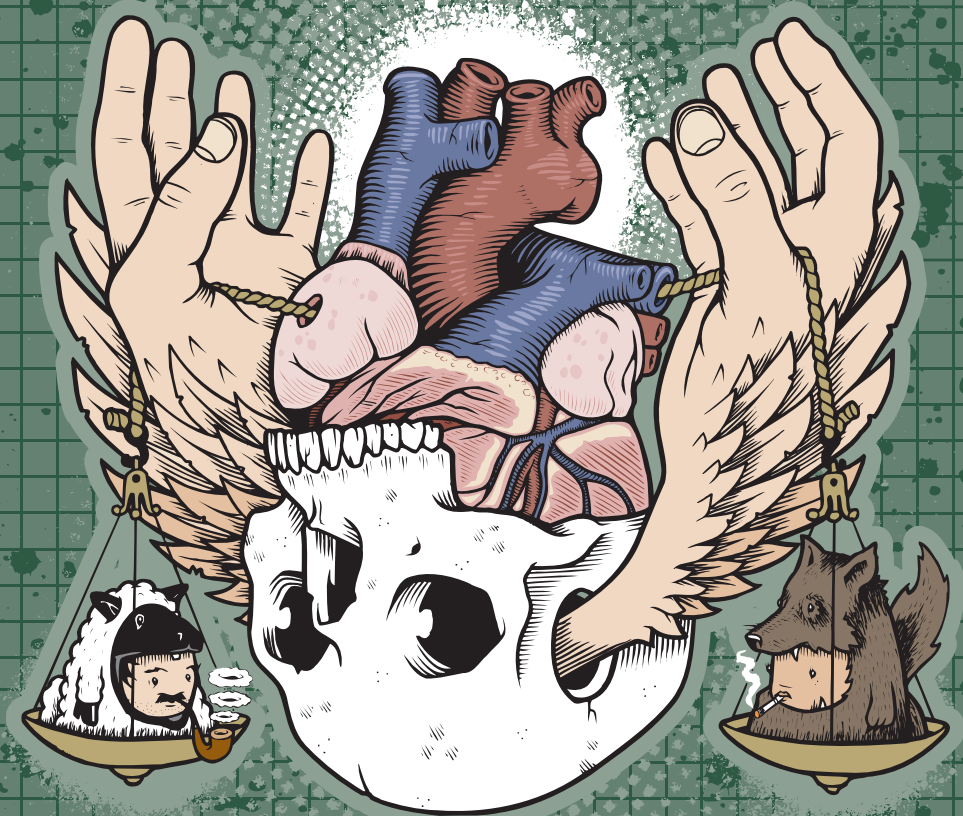
MAVADO

GANGSTA FOR LIFE—THE SYMPHONY OF DAVID BROOKS

VP/US/CD

Mavado's voice strikes the perfect balance between melody and menace; it drips with sincerity without ever sounding maudlin. His debut album is peppered with his instantly recognizable catchphrases ("anyway" and "gangsta for life") and filled with his most successful singles of the past few years, including his 2004 breakout smash "Real McCoy." In addition to wicked gun tunes, the disc also showcases his intensely personal lyrics. On the haunting "Don't Cry," the native of Kingston's Cassava Piece gully implores his mother to hold her tears "even if them kill me," while on "Sadness," he openly mourns his slain father. On the energetic "Pon Di Gully Side," he addresses wars between artists, presumably a reference to his now-squashed beef with Vybz Kartel. And on "Amazing Grace," he gets bonus points for perhaps being the first dancehall artist ever to use the word "inveigle" in a badman tune. *Ross Hogg*

Aesop Rock



None Shall Pass

IN STORES 8/28/07

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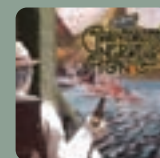
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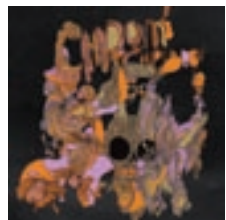


PHOTO BY L. COLEMAN

Koushik

NOW-AGAIN RE:SOUNDS VOLUME ONE

Now-Again/US/CD
There's something about the vintage sound of the '60s and '70s that remains inimitable, a fact not lost on this comp's slew of producers charged with remixing old and new gems from Stones Throw sub-label Now-Again. No generational gap here: The L.A. Carnival's soulful "Blind Man" gets a hip-hop update from Cut Chemist; Percee P spits fire alongside Koushik on "Cold Beats"; and Edan shines on the muddy, analog "Sagittarius Rapp." If the Kashmere Stage Band's old-school rendering of Stevie Wonder's "I Wish" has a bit more juice than the last time you heard it, thank Todd Terry for the poignant remix—as well as J. Rocc, who cuts up their take on Bill Withers' "Ain't No Sunshine." *Re:Sounds*' 17 tracks take you beyond any particular era, to a place where furious congas and saxophones mesh with the cries of broken vocalists seeking a fix through their microphones. *Derek Beres*



BELLE ET FOU SOUNDTRACK: COMPILED BY JAZZANOVA

Sonar Kollektiv/GER/CD
Berlin's six-man production juggernaut Jazzanova hits a high point in their 12-year career with, of all things, a soundtrack to a German cooking show. Better still, 11 of the collection's 19 tracks are unreleased. The group's signature stutter beat is joined with gaudy '70s soul strings on the title theme while, contrastingly, "Am I Losing You" is an understated orchestral instrumental; these guys are showing *range*. The other artists present (Forss, Outlines, Micatone, and Wahoo) also accomplish soulful, eclectic maneuvers. But the album belongs to the Berlin sextet's masterful cinematic jazz, evidenced on the Rhodes-led "Behold These Days." Grab your fork—Jazzanova is serving the main course. *Tomas Palermo*

BOX OF DUB: DUB STEP AND FUTURE DUB

Soul Jazz/UK/CD
Soul Jazz follows up its '06 entry into dubstep with a compilation that grabs half a dozen of the scene's most successful producers and throws in some great tracks from a few sideline observers. Both of Scuba's tunes chug along darkly, tapping the dark '80s side of dub, while Kode9 and Digital Mystikz bring a more introspective vibe, and Burial pulls off brilliant-sounding liquid D&B at dubstep tempo. The best surprises come from the outsiders like Tuning Spork's Jay Haze and Michael Ho, who flip the script with choppy rhythms for Paul St. Hilaire to lilt over, and Kevin Martin, who comes with Wordsound-style darkness under his King Midas Sound moniker. *Matt Earp*

CHROME CHILDREN VOL. 2

Stones Throw/US/CD
Chrome Children Vol. 2 won't convince people to watch more Adult Swim shows (it's co-produced by the Cartoon Network), but it proves that Stones Throw's vitality is still strong after more than a decade. Chocolate Star's lovers' funk has beats that hack a drum kit to death on "Stay with Me," and The Jazzistics float to the moon under Madlib's loving hand. More highs come in the form of Clifford Nyren's antsy, blue-eyed soul number "Keep Running Away," and Roc C and Percee P's utopian hip-hop. But the downers—namely ex-N.W.A. rapper Arabian Prince's electro oldie "Strange Life"—will likely only be half-remembered by the stoned, Frylock-worshipping souls out there. *Cameron Macdonald*

ECCENTRIC SOUL: THE PRIX LABEL

Número Group/US/CD
The Número Group's latest archival dig, from Columbus, Ohio's Harmonic Sounds Studio's Prix label, contains 19 tracks of forgotten, soul-driven gems. Atop these dusty demos are quiet croons by Marion Black ("Listen Black Brother"), Joe King ("Speak On Up"), and Soul Ensemble ("Melon Jelly"). The project's highpoint is "You Are Mine," a skeletal demo by Eddie Ray, which bleeds affection, sadness, and charm. The recordings here are dynamic, down-to-earth, and come with insightful liner notes detailing their unique histories. *Eccentric Soul: The Prix Label* is a time capsule that remains just as loud and spirited as when its contents were recorded 30-some years ago. Wonderful stuff. *David Ma*

EDEN: A COLLECTION OF GLOBAL CHILL ROOTS

Six Degrees/US/2CD
When Six Degrees curates collections of mind-expanding and culturally enriching compositions, rather than too-clever covers comps, we all reap the benefits. This double-disc set opens with Niyaz, led by singer Carmen Rizzo, whose spellbinding voice blends perfectly with their Middle Eastern-meets-Indian meditation, before MIDVal PunditZ offer up "Rebirth," a smooth, dubby track featuring the elevating sitar-playing of Anoushka Shankar. The Bombay Dub Orchestra brings a trip-hop beat into the picture, but keeps the sitar prominent on Thievery Corporation's remix of their track "Feel." It's a veritable Six Degree all-stars game, with Karsh Kale, Banco de Gaia, and Cheb i Sabbah stepping up and knocking 'em out of the park. *Daniel Sivek*

FABRIC 35: EWAN PEARSON

Fabric/UK/CD
Though known for his production and remixes for the likes of Goldfrapp, Gwen Stefani, and Tracey Thorn, Brit Ewan Pearson's not exactly a slouch on decks either, as he proved on 2005's mix album *Sci-Fi.Hi-Fi*. Pearson's installment for the *Fabric* series is low-key and layered, with bare but relentless percussion underpinning vocals that are heavily treated into mechanized coolness, even when they show some soul (as on "Samim," from Paspd featuring Big Bully). Pearson's mixing is as understated and finely honed as his programming, for sleek results that get better and better with every listen. *Luciana Lopez*

GUILT BY ASSOCIATION

Engine Room/US/CD
Fess up about your guilty pleasures and grab Engine Room Recordings' *Guilt by Association*, a collection of indie-approved covers that lessens the sting of some awful-but-classic gems. Petra Haden owns the comp with her arena-ready a cappella version of Journey's "Don't Stop Believin'." Cheap drum machines aid Goat's Fall Out Boy cover and Will Oldham's Mariah Carey impersonation, while Superchunk gives Destiny's Child a pop-punk makeover. Things slow down with Geoff Farina's "Two Tickets to Paradise," but then Mike Watt pulls out a rowdy Blue Öyster Cult jam. By avoiding goofy posturing, the covers on *Guilt by Association* emphasize what made these songs lovable in the first place. *Josiah Hughes*

KING BRITT PRESENTS THE COSMIC LOUNGE VOLUME 1

BBE-Rapster/US/CD
Philadelphian King Britt is one of those rare musical figures known as much for taste-making as his own productions. He relies on the former for this remarkable collection, pulled from 30 years of free-jazz. In an attempt to connect African heritage in jazz through non-linear soundscapes, the opening spoken-word manifesto of Herbie Hancock's "Kawaida" sets the tone for the explosive guitars of Mtume, the native rhythms of Don Cherry, and the sweet chaos of Flora Purim. Doug & Jean Carn's closing, heartfelt "Naima" is an exquisite lullaby to quiet the storm. Make no mistake: This is a cosmic head trip if ever one existed—straight from the soul. *Derek Beres*

KITSUNÉ MAISON 4

Kitsuné/FRA/CD
Kitsuné's fourth *Maison* comp offers up 13 samples of what the Paris fashionista label has to offer the indie-dance kids it not-so-slyly hooked with Klaxons. Techno purists are still going to loathe it, but *Kitsuné Maison 4* veers nicely from indie-land; granted, Air spin-off Darel's take on Air's "Be My Friend" is about as interesting as the flat, Air-covering-Air original. But beyond that, the comp's a grand ride. The foaming-at-the-mouth club anthem "Tuning In," from Leeds' grime/"new rave" lovechildren Hadouken!, nearly overpowers everything, but sleeper gems like Crystal Castles' 8-bit flood "Knights" and Midnight Juggernauts' stuttering, glitch-fucked remix of Dragonette's "I Get Around" shine through. Excellent overall—electronic dogmatists be damned. *Michael Byrne*

NORMOTON GOLD

Normoton/GER/CD
Celebrating their 25th release, Normoton's label head Klaus Burkard pulled together a pretty solid representation of his sound, a disparate offering of house, ambient, techno, and electro. The problem here lies not necessarily in stylistic variation (plenty of great labels dabble in all of these genres), but in the varied musical success of each track. That is to say, some of this is fantastic, and some is garbage. The varied forms of techno (minimal, tech-house) work best here: Strassmann and Landesvatter each make gorgeous tracks that recall late-night train rides and smoky, underground dance hideouts. Unfortunately, the rest of this compilation is spotty at best. *Ross Holland*

RITON AND SERGE SANTIAGO: WE LOVE...IBIZA

Ministry of Sound/UK/2CD
Unless you're into foam parties and Tiësto, the very word "Ibiza" probably summons a reaction somewhere between humorous disgust and a superiority complex. Well, this compilation just made things a bit more complicated—*We Love...Ibiza* is pretty darn good. On Disc One, Serge Santiago digs into percussive nu-disco with remixes by Morgan Geist and Quiet Village, but as the mix progresses, it grows a bit lifeless. Riton's disc is more successful: His criteria seems to be anything with a dirty, jacked house beat (think Green Velvet's "Shake and Pop"), and although his inclusion of Bonde Do Role and DFA might recall a Brooklyn warehouse rather than Ibiza's Club Space, it's a dance party just the same. *Ross Holland*

THE INSPIRING NEW SOUNDS OF RIO DE JANEIRO

Verge/US/CD
Although the country's best known for classic *bossa nova* and *tropicalismo*, in the past few years, Brazil's contingent of cutting-edge fusionistas has made it one of the most forward-thinking music scenes anywhere on the planet. The 13 servings of *favela* funk, South American reggae, and Portuguese-language rap on this compilation live up to its name—the sounds are both inspiring and new. Because it's Brazilian, the disc is super-melodic, kinda chill, and occasionally romantic, while tracks like A Filial's "Camila" offer an entirely fresh, globalized perspective on hip-hop—something jaded hipsters probably didn't think possible at this point. *Eric K. Arnold*

TOMMIE SUNSHINE PRESENTS ULTRA.ROCK REMIXED

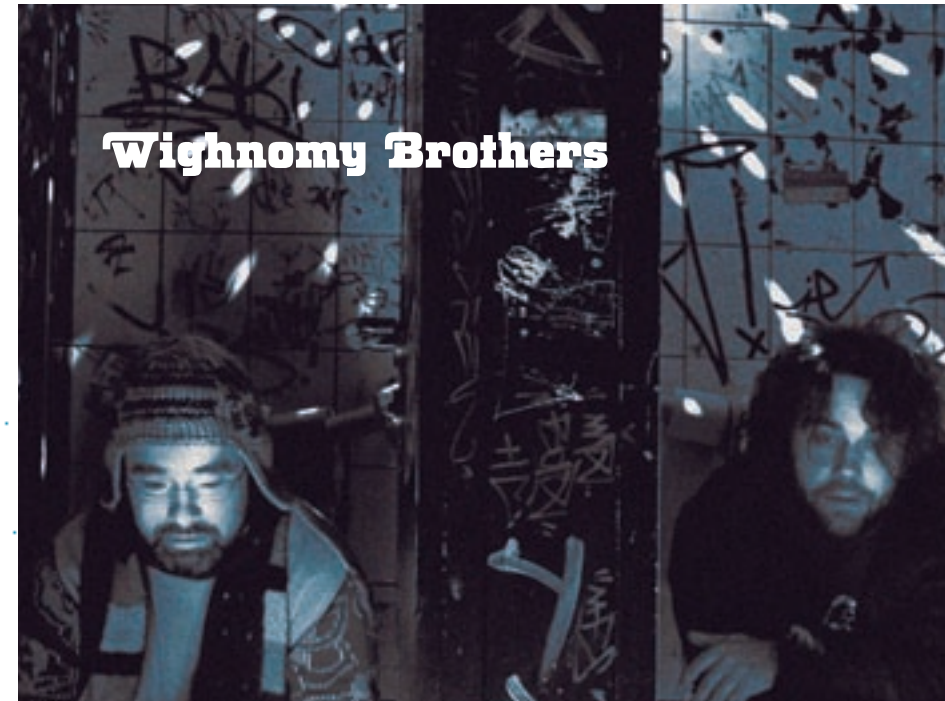
Ultra/US/2CD
Here indie-dance DJ sensation Tommie Sunshine remixes 'alternative beats' by stapling generic, banging rhythms to alternative-rock hits of the moment—techno for the teen-recreation-center set. That method has been money in the bank for too many DJs and it lured many children into the devil's den of prog-trance. Sunshine grounds his mix in a post-electroclash way, as his "Brooklyn Fire" remixes subject the likes of Good Charlotte, P.O.D., and Fall Out Boy to grinding acid synths and sports-bar ambience. Aside from a few funky reworkings of Peaches and VHS or Beta, most of these "retouches" are faceless and monotonous. Oh, and his neutering of Gang of Four's "At Home He's a Tourist" is just evil. *Cameron Macdonald*

TOTAL SCIENCE PRESENTS BREAKBEAT SCIENCE EXERCISE 6

Breakbeat Science/US/CD
It's refreshing just how low-key D&B heads are about being the best in the world at what they do. You'll never hear "Richie Hawtin, worldwide!" booming over an intro (or will you?), as Total Science does here, along with some blabber about the dawn of time and being a ninja. This may be their first Stateside release, but Science's Q Project and Spinbad have brought *bad* tunes to our country's dancefloors for a minute, and they excel at it. *Exercise 6* is fun, but loaded with piston-pumping sounds like "Going in Circles" and "Squash," it rarely takes a breather. *Rachel Shimp*

VINTAGE GROOVES: OLD SCHOOL HIP-HOP VOLUME 1

Seamless/UK/2CD
The "Various Artists" rack of the hip-hop section at your local record store will yield countless "old school" sets—some solid, some weak. But this two-disc collection, compiled by music historian Ian Dewhirst, is one of the more enjoyable ones around. Disc One deftly documents the early '80s—a time when hip-hop could be socially alert yet very danceable ("The Message," "It's Like That") and was tailored much more to b-boys ("Break Dance"). Disc Two, covering the mid-'80s to early '90s, isn't quite as fun, and seems scattered (where are Public Enemy and Eric B. & Rakim?), but Dewhirst at least includes golden-era bangers from The 45 King and Jungle Brothers. *Max Herman*



WIGHNOMY BROS./ROBAG WRUHME REMIKKS POTPOURRI II

Mute-Freude am Tanzen/GER/CD
Robag Wruhme pushes minimal to the max, using the genre's ever-changing template—including elements of negative space, microbeats, tinges of *schaffel*, and unusual vocals—to make music that doesn't sound minimal at all. Alone, and with Monkey Maffia as Wighnomy Bros., his remixes take that same approach. *Remikks Potpourri II* is a satisfying sampler of what they've been up to since 2005's excellent first installment; they take on older tunes by Depeche Mode, Underworld, and Nitzer Ebb, as well as of-the-moment tracks like Ellen Allien and Apparat's "Way Out." The collection starts strongly with a nearly unrecognizable twist of Future Sound of London's "Lifeforms," setting shards of the ambient original above a spooky hip-hop beat. The Brothers simplify Röyksopp's "Beautiful Day Without You" into a leisurely motorik groove with a crystalline pulse. Like most of these masterfully re-appropriated tracks, it's a perfect distillation of the original song's emotion. *Rachel Shimp*



Read the Label
By Jesse "Drosco" Serwer

HIP-HOP MIXTAPES, WHITE LABELS, AND SHIT



Shape of Broad Minds



Guilty Sim

The news will be months old by the time this magazine is in your hands, but I'd be remiss if I didn't use this space to memorialize Queens, NY rapper **Stack Bundles**, who was killed on June 11. I was one of the first people to interview Stack a couple years back, along with his crew the **Riot Squad**, and dude just oozed charisma. It was clear he'd be moving on to bigger things, which he did, linking up with **Jim Jones**, a natural partnership that appeared destined to bear fruit. The archetypal mixtape rapper, Stack was respected by fellow MCs and sought after by DJs, if largely unknown outside of 'hood circles. Rest in peace, brother.

Moving in a vastly different direction, **Shape of Broad Minds** is a new multi-regional quartet anchored by Philly's **Jneiro Jarel** (a.k.a. **Dr. Who Dat?**) but also featuring Cali's **Roc Wun**, Atlanta's **Panama Black**, and Houston's **Jawaad**. If SoBM's first salvo, the four-track *Blue Experience* EP (Lex), is any indication, the partnership has quite a future ahead of it (an LP, *Craft of the Lost Art*, hits later this month). **MF Doom** guests on the opener, "Let's Go," which, in spite of its generic title, brings the futuristic flavor. Doom blazes Jarel's manic track with a hunger not heard since his 2003 LP (as Viktor Vaughn), *Vaudeville Villain*, his colleagues follow suit. The rest of these tracks, including the Dr. Who Dat? remix of "Let's Go," bring the ruckus as well.

Fans of the Geto Boys, Trae, and Z-Ro's brand of dark Texas rap would do well to check out the yellow-vinyl *Ghetto Raised* EP (Emperor Jones) by Austin's **KB the Kidnappa**, a rapper whose idea of bling is the giant python he seems to keep permanently wrapped around his neck. KB's monotone delivery can grow old but fortunately he's got some hot beats and a guest appearance from Texas crew **Moufs of Da Souf**, who bring the weighty rhymes on "Things Don't Change."

Stones Throw has a pair of bombs coming up in **Percee P's** *Perseverance* and **Guilty Simpson's** *Ode to the Ghetto*, and the two artists have linked to drop the "Watch Yo Step" 12" as a teaser for *Perseverance*. The cut, which also features **Vinnie Paz** of **Jedi Mind Tricks** and production from **Madlib**, doesn't come together as well as one might have hoped, but blame it on Paz's grating gruffness and Madlib's mediocre contribution. Guilty and Percee tear it up.

You're gonna hear a lot about **The Politik** in this issue, but make sure not to miss "Moonlighting," the single from their upcoming LP on Milan that features Cali rapper **Blu** going to town on **Mark de Clive-Lowe's** chunky P-Funk-esque beat. For more Blu, check *Below the Heavens*, his freshly dropped collaborative LP with producer **Exile**. Idiosyncratic Hiero/Pharcyde-style rhymes coincide with crisp, Kanye-ish beats for one of the year's best back-pack rap attacks.

Inspired equally by J Dilla and James Brown, **The Audible Doctor's** self-released instrumental LP, *Brownies*, consists of brief, *Donuts*-style instrumentals crafted entirely out of JB samples. Don't expect any gratuitous "Funky Drummer" over-dosage, though: the often-obscure samples are chopped enough that even the staunchest Brown-o-philes may not recognize 'em. God bless the dead.

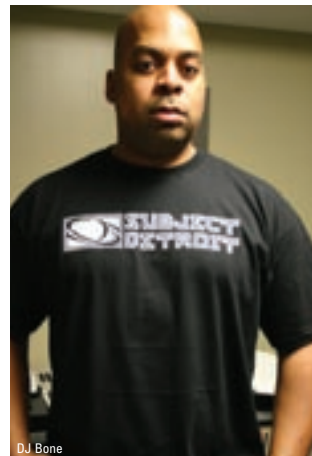


Bubble Metropolis
By M.L. Tronik

TECHNO: MINIMAL, BANGING, AND BEYOND



Cari Lekebusch



DJ Bone



Oliver Huntemann

Let's start things off with my hottest record of the past month, from Swedish techno overlord **Cari Lekebusch**. *Space Suite* (Railyard) comes careening from the depths of a nearby galaxy, with the title cut's slow-burning, almost rave-y bassline riding on shimmering drum rhythms, while the b-side, "Capsule Mentality," is tight, driving, funky, and deep-space techno. Fantastic.

Also on the subject of space and time is the *Laws of Physics* EP (Junion) by Germany's **Jambi**. All three tracks are sizzlingly minimalist and stark; I particularly like "Circular Motion" and "Neutrinos Dance."

Bushwacka! has returned, this time with **Layo** in sight, to give us a new two-tracker, "Long Distance" b/w "Back to Point Zero" (Olmato Records). Side One is exactly what you might expect from the title; long and a bit noodly, but the b-side is the joint on this one. With its bouncy and melodic tones, it seems Bushwacka! has shed his '90s tech-house roots with sprouts of real techno taking their place. Interesting.

Heckmann & Kauffelt have launched a new label, Karton, and for its first release they've decided to team up once again for some melodic techno: the deep trip known as "Sommersause" b/w "Affenstall." The a-side winds its way up and up until about halfway through when it unfolds into an anthemic techno-synth monster. The b-side is a total floor smasher, too.

Rekorder 09, reportedly produced by **Oliver Huntemann** and **Stephen Bodzin** "stop calling me Steven!" **Bodzin**, features less of the Rekorder label's typically more trancey elements, and has got to be the best stuff this label has put out so far. Instead of a building mass of compressed fuzz, this one is built around a single tone. What kind of music is this? Techno? Trance? A psychedelic freak-out from beyond? This will absolutely destroy a dancefloor, so use it wisely.

For those in search of Rob Hood minimalism (where is that guy, anyway?), check **Mihai Popoviciu's** *First Contact* (Level Non Zero) for familiar treble-friendly sequences. Flip it for "Capcana" and feel the real.

DJ Bone returns with another important message for the masses: Don't change. On "Change" (Subject Detroit), Bone takes a hard left by singing on the record! But don't take his kind expression for weakness; the track has still got that raw Detroit sound you've come to expect.

Be sure to look out for **Robert Babicz's** "Losing Memories" 12" (Systematic), which compiles three of the best tracks from his *A Cheerful Temper* full-length. The title song plods along on a *schaffel*-esque rhythm, and sounds kinda like little wooden alligator tails trapped in bubble-gum wrappers. Systematic comes through again with some of the best music the genre has to offer at the moment.

Lastly, it's another one of my favorite labels at the moment, Kiddaz.fm. They always manage to give us something slightly left-of-center when it comes to techno, and **Flinsch 'n' Nielson's** *Wundertute 1* (Kiddaz.fm) is super-solid effort, whose four tracks are each titled "Gimmik." A commentary on the state of electronic music production, perhaps? Who knows. Well, until next month, be sure to check out the podcast version of this column at xlr8r.com!

SEVENTH ANNUAL

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once upon a time not so long ago the bicycle film festival had a bikes rock party in new york city to kick off its worldwide tour. pam garber bikes rock coordinator was prepared. an outdoor solar powered rock show was planned at solar one on the river but the darkness came over the sky. the bands were ready and so was studio b staff. the sky picked up the atlantic ocean and dumped it on new york. the rain came down like you never saw. team robespierre, parts and labor, dan deacon, ines brunn, gang gang dance, mike likes bikes, dj dirty finger, dj james stacher brought the sounds and moves to the stinky wet swimming hordes of bikers who can't be stopped. tod seelie photographed this image of the night that won't soon be forgotten. BIKES ROCK!!!



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Basic Needs By Kid Kameleon

LOW-END NECESSITIES, FROM RAGGA
TO DUBSTEP AND BEYOND



Al Haca



Si Begg

The very late days of summer can be a special time for dance music, when everyone tries to get their last swerve on, anthems have come and gone, **Akon's** made millions without you giving a rat's ass, and all we've got left is one or two parties before we in the Northern hemisphere slip into fall. Enjoy the bashed-up low end now while the sun still shines.

Si Begg is back again (as if he'd ever really gone anywhere) with his totally epic fusion of old-school hip-hop breaks, nu-school breaks, broke-ass breaks, and enough humor to keep you laughing and dancing for days on *Jetlag and Tinnitus Part 2*. It's out now on his Noodles Recordings label, and it's got **Epcot** lending some lively vocals, a song called "Pete Fucking Tong," and even a slew of digital-only remixes from **Abstrakt Knights**, **Mauin**, and **And.Id**. Also look out for Begg's bouncy-fun remix of **Toasty's** "Angel" on Hotflush.

There's a whole new wave of pranksterism coming up, bringing rock sensibilities to dance music. Thanks to *XLRR* editor **DJ Star Eyes**, I've been rocking to **Hadouken!**, who manage to piss me off, imitate ridiculous grime MCs, average an age of about 19, and make absolutely mad-deniably wonderful rock/grime/rave hybrids for Kitsuné and Atlantic Records. **Passions'** remix of Hadouken!'s "That Boy That Girl" is on the way soon, and fans of the sound should also check out Melbourne's ridiculous **Acid Jacks** and London's **Pirate Soundsystem**.

I recently revisited **Joker's** *Kapsize* EP, out last spring on Earwax (**DJ Pinch's** Tectonic label offshoot), just to hear this massively talented 18-year-old's take on grime again. Worth hunting down if you missed it, and he's got a ton of awesome stuff up on his MySpace page (www.myspace.com/thejokerproductions), some of which should be out soon. On the opposite end of the spectrum is the shuffling, one-step-away-from-techno of **2562's** "Channel Two" b/w "Circulate"; real unique stuff from a bright newcomer, slated for Tectonic's 15th release.

Plenty of dub runs through a slew of releases coming from the Dub Police label and its label boss, **Caspa**. There's the heavy "Centurion" b/w "Girl From Codeine City" by **L-Wiz** out now and the Caspa remix 12", which showcases the floor-smashing wobbler of **N-Type's** "Way of the Dub." Also on the way is a full-length LP/CD with tracks from **Rusko**, **The Others**, **Kromestar**, and **Quest**, a CD mixed by Caspa, and the second *Sub Soldiers* EP featuring Rusko's brilliant "Love Is Real." Caspa has become a huge player in the scene over the last year, and for good reason. And on a final dubstep tip, be on the look-out for **DZ** from Ottawa, who's got a killer roots-y 12" ("Strong on Ya" b/w "Slums Dub") coming on the Scuba label.

On the soulful tip, gotta give a shout to the born **Al Haca** soundsystem. These bass scientists love the wax but are eschewing it this time around to make a statement about the record industry, releasing the *Family Business* EP as a digital exclusive (out now on all the usual download portals). It's a slew of sexy love songs, with RQM at his most playful and Cee's beats backed up by serious soul, the whole thing shimmering under the watchful eye of Papa **Stereotyp**. Al Haca wants to be the soundwave that destroys all you disbelievers as you grab a lover and let summer melt into fall.



Bass Guest Reviews: Mochipet

Daly City, CA's breakcore maestro David Wang (a.k.a. Mochipet) never has followed a very conventional musical path. From his first self-produced, self-distributed release (he would mail a CD-R for free to anyone who requested it) to his blistering take on the mash-up genre with 2003's *Combat* ("Aphex Twin vs. Thompson Twins"), Mochipet has carved out a unique place for himself in the drill & bass underground. His latest LP, *Girls Heart Breakcore*, is a tongue-in-cheek, maximalist mind-fuck. Wang's stuttering, metallic glitch sucks in everything from swing to hyphy, toy piano to Justin Timberlake, before spitting out a frenzied, often whimsical mix of noise, gabba, and, well, breakcore. Expect future releases from like-minded programmers on Wang's own Daly City Records, but for now, here's what Mochi's been rockin' lately. *Ross Holland*
www.dalycityrecordings.com

R. KELLY

"I'M A FLIRT (FEATURING T.I. & T-PAIN)"
Zomba/US/12

R. Kelly gives us great insight into the female psyche. In this song, he sings about how he will steal your girl and do her in the bathroom (and pee on her?). I have no idea why any guy would bring his girl to a club that R. Kelly might be at. Or why any girl would want to get with some guy that demoralizes and pees on them, but obviously they do. And that is why this song is mega-awesome! *Mochipet*

HEXSTATIC "RED LASER BEAM"

(FROM *WHEN ROBOTS GO BAD*)
Ninja Tune/UK/CD

I don't know how Hexstatic could have been around this long and be so bad-ass without me noticing them. This song kicks ass because it sounds like what the title says: *When Robots Go Bad*. I'm really glad Ninja Tune is releasing a crap-load of records these days. Even though they wouldn't listen to my demo, I still love them. *Mochipet*

VARIOUS ARTISTS Gガンダム バック - EP

Bandai Channel/JPN/CD

Anime music is pretty bad, but after you listen to anything over and over again for 10 years it begins to sound good. This is my favorite single/EP right now. It manages to use the exact same elements as music from the '80s and yet sound nothing like '80s music. There are giant robots and the songs are called "Flying in the Sky" and "Trust You Forever." What else do you want? Go buy this now! *Mochipet*

DATA "AERIUS LIGHT"

Naïve/UK/12

This record sounds exactly like Daft Punk. The world is in a constant retro phase right now and the French are right there with it. I love Daft Punk, especially when it's not Daft Punk because, for some reason, it makes it that much more like Daft Punk. *Mochipet*





En Tu Casa
By **Nick Chacona**
HOUSEKEEPING, FROM TECH AND MINIMAL
TO DEEP AND TRADITIONAL



Jordan Fields



Dennis Ferrer

So this is odd: This summer, **Bob Sinclar's** 2006 commercial house hit "World Hold On" was in pretty regular rotation on NY radio station HOT 97. Why should you or I care? For one, HOT 97 has been a presence on New York's airwaves for 20 years (originally playing house, freestyle, and R&B) yet over the past decade, programming has followed an ultra-strict regiment of hip-hop only, and it's more than likely that there hasn't been a modern 4/4 club track (with a whistling hook, no less!) played on the station since the 20th century. The times, they are a-changin'.

Another strange phenomenon of late is house releases on 7" vinyl. **DJ Bone**, known more for banging Detroit techno, just released *sub002*, a limited-edition 7" with a classic piano-riff tune from the days when techno and house mingled more than casually. And this fall, Chicago's **Jordan Fields** will drop a lock-groove 7" entitled *Minimalizm V3/V2* that contains 48 different loops from artists such as **Dan Curtin**, **Boo Williams**, and **Demarkus Lewis**. Styles range from banging Chi-town hard house to quirky left-field electronic to classic disco grooves, making this a seriously practical tool.

New Jersey's **Dennis Ferrer** is gearing up for his next single on his own Objektivty label entitled "I Can't Go Under." Ferrer enlisted the sultry voice of **Malena Perez** (of Cubanita Records) to help to create a solemn yet seductive mood over the track's sparse and emotional rhythmic soundscape.

Fans of **Jus-Ed's** Underground Quality label have reason to rejoice as Ed has some new partners in crime: **DJ Qu** and **David S.** With three 12s to date (*To Eaches Own*, *Semesters*, and *Expressway* [All on Strength])—all of which utilize a raw palette of drums and synths to craft

extraordinary, instrumental deep-house material—the duo has started to make some serious waves on Qu's labels TS and Strength Records. Though these titles were released earlier in the year, none had proper distribution until recently.

Across the style spectrum, **Dada Life's** latest on Alphabet City get fists pumping and gurners gurning. On the a-side, "This Machine Kills Breakfasts" is an electrohouse call to the nu-rave camp (not to mention a Woody Guthrie reference) as if to scream, "Let's be friends!" On the flip, Dada pays homage to Green Velvet and Richie Hawtin with a mixture of hard, gritty beats and a chopped-up vocal that repeats, "Do the Dada." (Robotman, anyone?) Just as it seems like they are onto something in a hard-dance kind of way, the track takes a right turn and goes straight into formulaic Guetta-styled electrohouse.

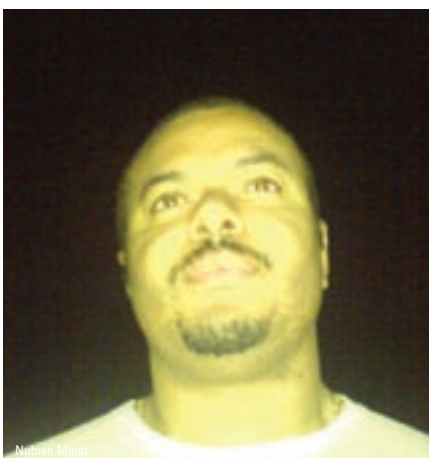
To close this month, I want to give a heads-up to my comrade in typing, Monty "ML Tronik" Luke, who has teamed up with **Landshark** member **Tasho** for some tech-house goodness with "Paranoid," on dirtybird's new sub-label Mothership. Keeping the layering to a minimum, the guys concoct a mix of acidic bass, synth beeps, tight drums, and early Chicago-styled vocals. Germany's **Todd Bodine** comes with the rework in bouncy Berlin fashion, crushing the vocal, tweaking the bleeps, and elasticizing the synths for that Panoramabar effect.



Broken Business
By **Peter Nicholson**
FUTURE JAZZ AND BUSTED BEATS



Gerardo Frisina



Nubian Mindz

The beginning of fall is the best time of year out here in NorCal, as the fog fades away and we often see the hottest weather of the year. But it's also a good time for traveling, since the summer crowds have thinned and the locals get back to business. One prime destination is Puerto Rico, where the gang down at Pablo Rodriguez's Candela Bar starts winding up for their annual festival around the beginning of October.

If you can't make it there in person, run out and track down **Gerardo Frisina's** "Calle de Candela" featuring the **Candela All Stars** (Schema). It's a hot number full of fiery percussion that will bring home a bit of Puerto Rico wherever you are, with a "Vibes Version" featuring a cooled-out solo from **Maurizio Vespa**. Also from Italy's Schema comes the excellent *Ink* EP from **The Dining Rooms**, with "Thank You" juxtaposing the brutally sarcastic title and lyrics against laid-back kit work that gradually builds to a furious finish. There are some housier mixes from **Skwerl** on the flip, plus a swinging, Rhodes-driven **Juju Orchestra** version of "Cobra Coral."

Meanwhile, over in Brighton, strange, pseudonymous things are going down at Tru Thoughts. Their first digital-download-only release is a schizophrenic smash-up from **The Broken Keys** (Ben Lamdin from **Nostalgia 77** and Nathaniel from **Natural Self**), who sandwich the soulful lament "Redlight" between versions of "Razorblade," a rollicking collision of blues, funk, and breakbeats. We've also got **Bonobo** popping up in his **Barakas** guise, letting loose a blast of frenetic drum loops, vocal samples, and raw synth tones. "Stabilo Bossa" adds some skanking horn stabs to the mix, while "Kes" floats some flutes at a less breakneck pace.

When two huge names like **Mark Pritchard** (of Troubleman) and **Steve Spacek** (of, um, Spacek) get together, you know it's going to be large. The dark "Turn It On" (Sonar Kollektiv) doesn't disappoint, with ominous, creaking bass, and a slappy, shuffly beat that is a trip into the deepest broken space. For another inspired pairing, check out *The Pressure* EP (Antipodean) from **Lady Alma** with **Mark de Clive-Lowe** on production. Definitely on the smoother tip, but just as righteous, with the Philadelphia songstress' vocal talents amplified by the Kiwi MPC maestro, particularly on the sultry "Gotta Be a Way."

Making amends: Last month I forgot to give label credit where it was due on the Yellowtail record, so in penance I'll gladly shout out another release from the top-notch Bagpak Music. **Nubian Mindz's** *Black Soul* EP is what you should be looking for—head straight to the "Small Arms Fiya featuring JB" remix of the title track, a deliciously straightforward bruk number with sweet vocals, an infectious beat, and some squashed bass.

Folks who knew me way back when know I was a bit of a Robert Smith fan growing up (that's right—big hair, lipstick, the whole freak show) so I've got to close by mentioning the latest from Nik Weston's Mukatsuku Records—a sublimely loose and jazzy cover of The Cure's "Love Cats" by Japanese trio **West/Rock/Woods**. At first it's virtually unrecognizable, but watch the grins when *that* keyboard line hits—priceless!



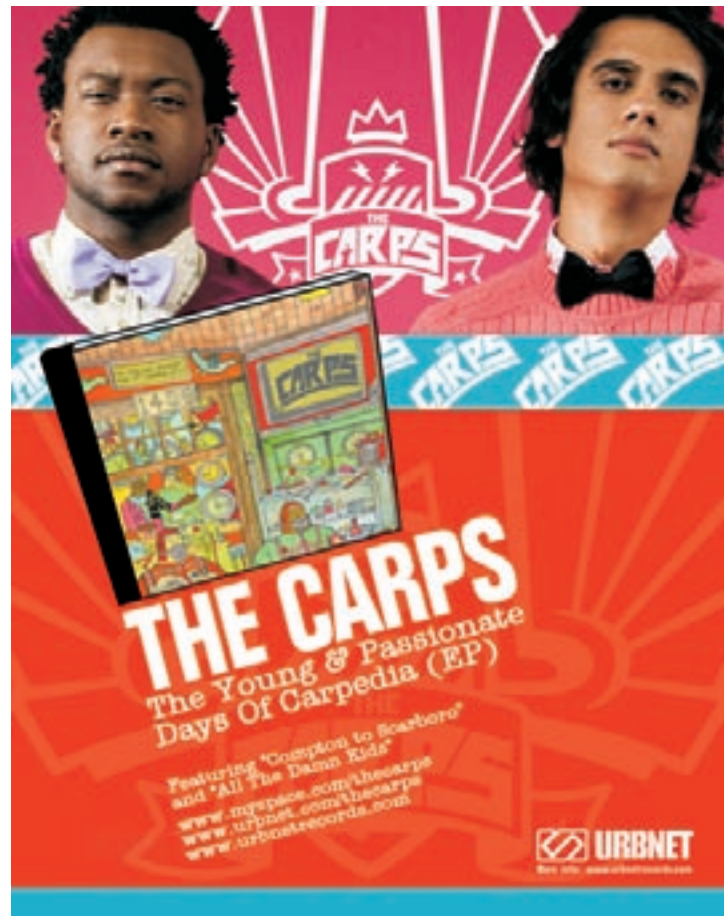
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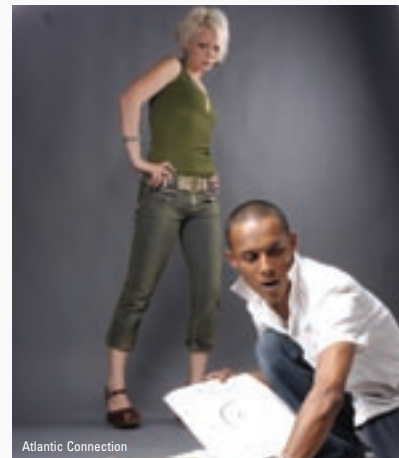
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- + MANY MORE



Fast Forward By Method One

EXPLORING THE BOUNDARIES OF DRUM & BASS



Atlantic Connection



Angelzero



Kubiks

Drum & bass continues to be the Sybil of dance music, with multiple overlapping personalities and voices. It's the rough and the smooth, the dancefloor anthems and the experimental doodles, all smashed together and set on fire.

But enough rambling—the music is what we're all here for, and a good place to begin is "Time Starts Now" b/w "Playing Games" (Horizon), the new release from **Seba & Paradox**. As with pretty much every Sebadox release, both tunes begin with thick, hyper-edited breakbeats. But from there, they diverge stylistically. "Time Starts Now" kicks up the darkness with huge, distorted bass drops and layers of reverbed percussion, while "Playing Games" is much more contemplative in its use of deep atmospheric, guitar, piano, and female vocals.

Ever since he made the move to California, **Atlantic Connection** has been on a bit of a tear with releases and remixes coming from nearly every direction. "Rocksteady" b/w "Burning Blue" (Westbay) has all the smooth grooviness one would expect from an AC release, with an added twist in the heavy use of vocals on both tracks. "Rocksteady" is the uplifting summertime roller that will appeal to liquid funk fans, while the flipside brings in a healthy dose of hip-hop attitude that sits nicely on layers of squelchy bass hits.

For those into the liquid vibe, I would also recommend the latest from **Kubik's** Rubik Records—"All Night" b/w "Days of the Week" by **Switch**. Both feature a chilled-out vibe augmented by tasteful piano and string work.

Holland's Fokuz Recordings has been steadily releasing quality material throughout 2007. The newest is "Iron Skies" by **Matt U**, which goes well beyond the ordinary "hous-ey synths with

amens" sound with innovative edits and high-speed transitions. If you want something a little more straightforward and rolling, the flipside offers a toughened-up remix from **Loxy**.

One of my favorite tunes in the last few months has been **Angelzero's** "Recess" (Warm Communications). So I was pretty excited to hear that the tune was getting a massive double-remix treatment from **CTRL-S** (formerly known as **Controlled Substance**) and **Martsman**. The CTRL-S remix takes the sounds of the original and stretches them across a harder, dancefloor-oriented framework reminiscent of classic **Ed Rush & Optical**. The Martsman remix is for the experimental crew with robotic percussion loops that recall **Deep Blue**.

And while it's been released for a while now, I want to send out some respect to the immortal **Goldie**, whose **Rufige Kru's** LP, *Malice in Wonderland* (Metalheadz), takes the classic Metalheadz sound of the mid-'90s and gives it a layer of modern polish. Over the course of 13 songs, the album provides a healthy reminder that the styles and techniques of the past can still be relevant in today's drum & bass scene. For people who have been pushing the sound for years, the nostalgia is sure to trigger more than a few fond memories.



Drum & Bass Guest Reviews: Big Bud

Known by some within drum & bass as "Mr. Nice," the U.K.'s Big Bud (a.k.a. Robin O'Reilly) has been a fixture on the scene for well over a decade. From his early releases on Good Looking and Creative Source to his recent work on his own Soundtrax label, Bud has blazed a path where dancefloor drum & bass mingles with lush atmospheric, urban funk, and smoky dub reggae. His *Fear of Flying* LP and its dark twin counterpart, the *Fear of Flying Remix Project*, have both become modern D&B classics. So what tracks have been lighting Bud's fire as of late? Read on and find out. Jason "Method One" Leder www.myspace.com/bigbuduk

TACTILE/ATLANTIC CONNECTION "CAN'T STOP" B/W "SITUATIONS" (STRESS LEVEL & TC1 REMIX)

Dispatch/UK/12
Another strong release from Dispatch. The "Situations" remix is the cut I've been playing for a while now. Stress Level & TC1 have gone deeper on their remix, adding a darker bassline and tuffer beatz than the original. Although well-made, Tactile's "Can't Stop," with its vocodered vocals and growling bass, may be just a bit too hard for my sets. *Big Bud*

SPECTRASOUL SPECTRASOUL EP

Nu Directions/UK/12
Anyone who's heard me play this year will have heard at least four SpectraSoul tracks in every set. This production duo from the U.K. is killing me right now. Although every tune is quality, "Adoration" is the one for me on this EP; it's a stripped-down roller with a monster bassline that smashes the dance. Watch out for these guys! *Big Bud*

LENZMAN & SWITCH "NO MORE TEARS"

Phuzion/UK/12
Lenzman is another producer coming on strong right now. Superb production with excellent musical touches. "No More Tears," a collab with fellow Dutchman Switch, is built around a haunting, bluesy vocal—it's been in my box for months. The flipside, "Live the Dream," makes good use of mournful strings, tight beats, and a deep sub-line. Wicked stuff from Nookie's label. *Big Bud*

ATLANTIC CONNECTION "RELAPSE"

Sonorous Music/UK/12
Atlantic Connection always uses samples well. "Relapse," which even has a snippet of harmonica, is a wicked roller with string/brass stabs, underpinned by a throbbing, pulsating bassline. As you'd expect from the title, the flipside, "Alliance Amens," is an amen workout. Heavily edited and filtered, it's a bit tuffer than his normal style but it works. *Big Bud*

**Native
ROCKSTONE
PSCD56**

Armed with original rock songs, native Jamaicans Wayne and Brian Jobson recorded at Black Ark Studios in the summer of 1977. Although the Lee Perry session tapes created a buzz in London, most tracks have remained unreleased until now.

PRESSURE SOUNDS

**LVX Collective
50.5.10
GTCD006**

The sixth release on Pressure Sounds subsidiary label Green Tea is the debut from the Los Angeles based LVX Collective, featuring writer vocalist Zen r.e.l.z.m (The Visionaries Crew/Writers Block) and musician/producer Dave Harrow (On-U Sound team).

GREEN TEA

LVX Collective

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After Silence
By Martin De Leon
THE OUTER ORBITS OF ELECTRONIC MUSIC



Communities, like the ones made by this very magazine, are held together by a disregard for shitty day jobs. This month I want to dedicate my column to the very folks who work those boring day jobs and stay up late just to make that beat or perform at that smelly venue. Like 2Pac, or my little nephew says, you *are* appreciated.

Butts are meant to mobilize, and one-woman wrecking crew **Santogold** knows that. Her self-titled debut EP on Lizard King is filled with catchy jams of (spank) rock and dope reggae. "L.E.S. Artistes" is a terrific cut, like a grimier M.I.A. (with whom she's toured) but her soulful singing is still street. Shit, the dirty synth work on "Creator" alone will make you spontaneously combust.

After your body has been on fire, you should chill. Vancouver's nutso band **Ch. 3x4** wins the WTF? award. Their new LP is titled *Christianity* and features some brilliant yet doomed laser punk. Like a grown-up Boredoms, the trio's past 7's and EPs on great label Summer Lovers Unlimited Music have been both challenging and ecstatic. They're up to great things.

Farm rappers are the stuff of fantasy. That's why Des Moines, Iowa producer and indie rapper **Coolzey** is worth checking out; his second self-titled EP in a series of three on Public School Records is out now. His solid golden-era production on "ABC" is less psychedelic than Edan's and his flow is part Buck 65 and part Phife Dawg ("Bloody Apron" is a good example). The most overt avant-garde thing is that he's a really good white rapper. Seriously.

Contagious Orgasm has the greatest name. He's an IDM producer who started out doing noise 20 years ago. His awesome new EP, *Ripple* (Soleil Moon), is filled with jittery noise and terrifically trashed beats ("Neo For"). Yet, the real reason to search this out is "Tragedy Creature," which features insane Japanese cyberpunk author Kenji Siratori's ramblings.

I know I chat 'em up a lot, but Brooklyn's The Social Registry is still as noteworthy as ever, releasing its third 7" in their monthly series with drone duo **Messages**, who drop gloom rock ("Destination") and melancholic beats ("Glades") all over the place.

Quartet **Shock Cinema**'s new record is being produced by TV on the Radio homedude David Sitek—be sure to listen to their great debut EP, *Our Way Is Revenge* (Kanine), with remixes from **Jay Clark** and **Subtitle**. "Lovers Who Uncover," the catchy-ass 12" from L.A.'s **The Little Ones**, is worth stealing for the sick **Crystal Castles** remix—and the dreamy **Stereolab** one, too.

Every month, I want to highlight one experimental venue that's doing great work. Houston's **Super Happy Fun Land**, much like L.A.'s The Smell, is more than simply a venue, it's a needed philosophy. I lived in that stinky city for 20 years and this is the only place where the Polysics and two kids dressed like bunny rabbits with laptops can all play. This place features outsider art and underground jazz as well, so if you're ever in the Lone Star State, drop by and prepare to sweat. And check www.superhappyfunland.com for more.

And speaking of updated classics, the Graduation in Zion riddim is an updated version of the **Kiddus I** classic from the *Rockers* soundtrack. The riddim, out on Lone Lions, features a new version from Kiddus I himself, alongside 45s from **Capleton**, **Gyptian**, and **Mark Wonder**.

On the subject of re-licks from classic reggae soundtracks (these transitions just write themselves), **Shaggy** and **Rik Rok** are back with "Bonafide Girl," over the Shanty Town riddim, originally a **Desmond Dekker** hit from the soundtrack to *The Harder They Come*.



Reggae Rewind
By Ross Hogg
THE HEARSAY AND DOWNLOW ON DANCEHALL, DUB, ROOTS, AND LOVERS ROCK



After years of chanting "Free **Jah Cure**," it looks like the people will finally get what they want. If all goes according to plan (granted, that's a very big "if"), the man born Siccaturie Alcock will be celebrating two releases by the time you read this. His new album, *True Reflections...A New Beginning* (VP), should be released July 31, three days after he is set to be released from Jamaican prison, where he's been serving a term for a crime of which many feel he was falsely accused. He's already been booked for Curefest, his first post-release stage show, slated for early September. Meanwhile, his single "To Your Arms of Love" has been climbing the charts in Jamaica. He's also enjoying success with "Sticky," a big tune on the one-drop Jamdown riddim (VP) that also features a combination from **Jigsy King** and **Tony Curtis** and solid offerings from **Ce'Cile**, **Morgan Heritage**, and **Buju Banton**.

Buju also comes out strong with a big, big tune on the classic M-16 riddim (Penthouse): "Bobby Red" is a cautionary tale to all rudeboys, based on the true story of a renowned Kingston gangster killed earlier this year. Producer **Donovan Germain** handled the re-work of the version (originally a hit for **Sammy Dread**) and voiced veterans **Tony Rebel**, **Pinchers**, and more.

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Fans of the original British lovers' rock genre, notoriously difficult to find on wax, will be pleased to learn of the reissue of four 30-year-old singles from girl group **15 16 17** (DEB). The group takes its name from its members' ages, and the songs—"Suddenly Happiness," "Emotion," "I'm Hurt," and "Magic Touch"—all feature the syrupy sweetness that defined the genre.

Elephant Man is making another run at the charts here in the States with the remix of "Five-O" (Bad Boy), which features an all-star yard and foreign lineup: **Diddy**, **Assassin**, **Swizz Beatz**, **Yung Joc**, and the omnipresent **Wyclef Jean**.

Dave Kelly (Madhouse) is back with the Over Drive riddim, featuring heat from **Assassin** and **Blacker**, but the tune to watch is the offering from Kelly's top artist **Baby Cham**, "Wha Dem Feel Like." This one could be a crate staple for a long time to come.

Mr. Dutty Wine himself, **Tony Matterhorn**, returns with yet another potential chart-topper. On "Gully Beans," he details all the things he's going to eat when he gets back to Jamaica (chicken fries, chicken back, rice and peas, and, yes, gully beans).

Reggae Gold 2007 (VP), the annual compilation of boom tunes, doesn't disappoint, with two tracks from **Mavado**, "Watch Dem" from **Sean Paul** (better late than never on the Tremor riddim), **Tessanne Chin**'s sleeper hit "Hide Away," and Capleton's protégé **Munga** (a.k.a. Munga Honorebel) continues to make waves with his infectious smash "Bad From Mi Born," which contains the oddly endearing line "My birthday is next to [Bounty] Killer birthday." Keep that in mind when you're out buying greeting cards for your favorite deejays.



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Lucky 13 By Toph One

TophOne can be heard every Wednesday at the Red Wine Social at Dalva and every last Friday with Team Wino at Lo-Gear at the Transfer in S.F.



The Politik



Mark Ronson

Me and my girlayne pretty much figured it all out last summer: We just want to help critters and ride bikes for a living. That shouldn't be too hard to accomplish, should it? My life is already firmly in the "non-profit" category, so it's just about finding a way to pay the rent by doing something we love. Another Team Wino member, Jesse, just moved into a Franciscan friary, so he's well on his way. Maybe I've finally realized that endless bar tabs do not spell happiness. Maybe it's that stink of mortality that I catch increasingly frequent whiffs of. "I've said it before and I'll say it again—life is too short." So raps Todd Shaw, and the man never lies. Now we just need to invent the job of our dreams.

1) LIGHTNING HEAD "AREA BOY"

Lion Head/UK/7
Bigga Bush of Rockers Hi-Fi fame storms bravely forward with this crushing new single. The a-side is a heavy ragga stomper full of horns and stuttering drums that has been burning up dancefloors all summer, while "Abyssinia Rising" on the flip pushes the progressive envelope with a mid-tempo beat-head workout.

2) SKUZZ DEMO

Junk Hat/US/CD
Good, dirty rock and roll is timeless, and Skuzz brings it loud and hard all the way. Check out "skuzzrock" on MySpace and feel the fury.

3) MARK RONSON FEAT. AMY WINEHOUSE "VALERIE"

RCA/US/12
This has more to do with my Amy Winehouse fixation than it does a love for Ronson's retro soul-infused production, but for real, this is a jumping track and it looks like there could well be some good-ies on the album.

4) NOR "IF YOU GOT MOVES"

US/download
Hooray for 23-year-old singer/musicians from the Midwest making emotionally charged new wave! Hooray for one-man bands! Hooray for Nor!

5) SHAPE OF BROAD MINDS CRAFT OF THE LOST ART

Lex/UK/CD
Just think of Jneiro Jarel as a sort of psychedelic RZA, collecting a crew of like-minded space travelers to create a shapeshifting album of progressive hip-hop. "Let's Go," featuring MF Doom, is a perfect example, at about 120 BPMs and funky enough to move any crowd. The very next track, "Changes," is an ethereal lullaby capable of soothing the most frazzled nerves. A beautiful piece of work.

6) J-BOOGIE & SAKAI LEFTISM VOL. 2

mixtape/US/CD
Two of the Bay's most potent dancefloor killas bring the Latin electro heat, chock-full of exclusive remixes and unbelievable shit that you're simply not gonna hear anywhere else. When I grow up, I hope to be a sliver of this good.

7) ILLER THAN THEIRS ILLER THAN THEIRS

Embedded/US/CD
From the Nuk Fam crew comes Tone Tank and Krayo and their true tales of woe. "Nobody's too fly to fart or too tough to get their heart broken," the lads state, and tracks like "The Same" (featuring Masta Ace), "It Is What It Is," and "After All" perfectly illustrate that New York honesty.

8) ANONYMOUS TWIST ROYAL FLUSH

Soul On Rice/CAN/12
The debut release from Toronto DJ/producer/MC Anonymous Twist is proof of this vet's skills. Check his full-length, *The Crucible*, for tracks like "Blasting" (featuring Oh No) and "Respect That."

9) KING & HOUND "MIDNIGHT GIRL"

Golden Goose/US/12
Just a rollicking good disco-funk re-edit from Garth and James Glass. It's about time James Glass got a little shine, too—that guy is bad-ass.

10) PANACEA THE SCENIC ROUTE

Glow in the Dark/US/CD
DC's K-Murdock and MC Raw Poetic continue to make inspiring and lush music, from the uplifting verses of "Pops Said" to the jazz vibes of "Aim High." And peep label mates The Project and Shawn Jackson while you're at it.

11) THE POLITIK THE POLITIK

Milan/US/CD-LP
From the broken future-soul of "Money" and "Turn the Light" to the electro-funk of "Moonlight" and "Sweet," it's clear that producer extraordinaire Mark de Clive-Lowe and singer Bembe Segue are in top form on their latest. Guests include Daz-I-Kue, Waajeed, and Bahamadia.

12) KAFANI MONEY'S MY MOTIVATION

Koch/US/CD-LP
Young Oakland busting out loud and in charge for New York's Koch Records. Highlights are the Amp Live-produced "Everybody Knows My Name" and the street banger "Fassst." Hot shit.

LUCKY 13) CHICKEN JOHN FOR MAYOR

SF/mayoral candidate
On a grassroots platform pushing a revitalized arts community and touting his many years spent running Circus Ridikulous, the one and only Chicken John, who spent time playing alongside GG Allin, might be the last hope for a dying San Francisco. Learn more at www.voteforchicken.com.

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IN THE STUDIO: MATT EDWARDS

Inside the grid with the erstwhile king of smack house.
WORDS: BRANDON IVERS PHOTO: GEORGINA COOK

In retrospect, 2001's "bastard pop" phenomenon was all about the triumph of wit over production prowess. However, as Radio Slave, Matt Edwards and Serge Santiago were among the few artists able to balance both. Their mash-up of Kylie Minogue and New Order ("Can't Get Blue Monday Out of My Head") became so popular that Kylie performed the remix at the 2002 Brit Awards—a move that legitimized mash-ups and scored Radio Slave more high-profile remix work.

Radio Slave parted ways in 2003, but Matt Edwards became a successful producer in his own right. Under the aliases Rekid and Quiet Village, he pushed forward a slower, atmospheric style of bassline house, its production so idiosyncratic that a few people tried (and failed) to come up with a new genre name for it. One such attempt, "smack house," was applied to the sludgy, deliberate pacing of *Made in Menorca*, an album made under Edwards' Rekid moniker. Thankfully, that name didn't stick, though the heavy reverberations of *Menorca* and Edwards' Rekids imprint—with releases like "My Bleep" and "Next Stop Chicago"—have certainly expanded house's boundaries exponentially. Here, the Brighton, U.K.-based remix master gives you a look behind the ones and zeroes.

XLR8R: WHAT PROMPTED YOU TO START DOING MASH-UPS AND RE-EDITS?

Matt Edwards: Mostly a frustration with the lack of good remixes out there. During the '90s, it became this thing where artists were hardly using any of the elements of the original song, and it got hard to tell what was and wasn't a remix. But there were so many records in the '80s that had these alternate mixes... People used to say we hardly changed the songs we remixed, but I'd rather work with the original parts of a song, EQ and effect those parts, and put it back together.

WAS IT HARD TRANSITIONING FROM THE MASH-UP MENTALITY TO ORIGINAL PRODUCTION?

No. When Serge and I were working together, he was doing the engineering and I picked up a lot. I realized around that time that I really liked the technical side of things, so I started learning how to use a few programs like [Fruity Loops] FL Studio, Acid, and Cubase. I had been into doing graphic stuff on PCs prior to producing, so I think getting into the technical part came more naturally.

DO YOU DO MOST OF YOUR SEQUENCING IN SOFTWARE?

I've never even used MIDI! I've always stuck to audio, taking bits from all sorts of things in software... like, one part will be done in FL Studio, and I'll export that out and arrange it with Cubase. It's a little more manageable; you can control the fades of individual [drum] sounds with so much more precision that way. I also use a program called Buzz, which is this freeware synthesizer. It has all these generators that let you load up drum machines or effects—you can get amazing sounds from it.

WHAT DO YOU LIKE MOST ABOUT FL STUDIO?

That you can throw in so many sounds from the side browser and within minutes have a groove going! Also, for me, it's the quickest way to see if a sample-based loop track will work. A lot of people shake their heads in disbelief when I tell them I use FL Studio, but one look at what you can do [with it] and they're like, "Fuck! That's so cool!"

DOES ARRANGING IN AUDIO EVER GET CUMBERSOME?

It's not difficult when you're working with audio to rearrange what you've done and add and subtract elements to build different mixes, et cetera. I have all my [parts] on individual tracks, so I can run new EQ and different effects over them, or cut them up differently and place them elsewhere. I use the Waves plug-ins a lot for that sort of thing, the [Renaissance] reverb especially.

HOW DO YOU APPROACH QUALITY CONTROL WHEN YOU DO A REMIX?

If the DJs are playing it—guys like Villalobos and François K—I think that's one way you know it's good. But I usually make several different versions of a track, and send all those versions off to labels or artists when I'm done. I might send seven versions, but the label might only take three of the mixes, for example.

WHAT'S THE MOST IMPORTANT THING IN YOUR STUDIO, ASIDE FROM YOUR COMPUTER?

That would have to be my monitors. You just can't make a good track if you can't hear what you're doing. I've got some Dynaudio monitors that are fantastic—the BM5As, I think they're called. They're amazing—such a clear sound. I really don't understand that school of thought where you should use crap monitors... you might as well enjoy what you're doing, right?

www.myspace.com/rekid, www.rekids.com

In Matt Edwards' studio (from left): Dynaudio MB5A Monitors, Cubase 4, Waves Renaissance Max Plug-In





ARTIST TIPS: SWAYZAK

As Swayzak, U.K. tech-house dons James Taylor and David Brown have been honing their revelry-inducing craft for more than a decade. With several albums under their belt, year-round DJ duties, and a knack for exciting artistic reinvention, Swayzak has achieved master status in the dance-music community. Their latest disc, a 10th anniversary offering entitled *Some Other Country* (IK7), is all the proof the world needs to confirm these peak-hour blasters' penchant for creating hedonistic bangers full of heady atmospherics. Here, David "Brun" Brown provides the secrets behind their sweet, 5 a.m.-dancefloor sound, and how they incorporate rich, dubby, unearthly textures into their minimal tech-house rhythms.

Fred Miketa
www.swayzak.com

1. True Grit

You've got to keep the sound dirty! Focusrite Liquid Mix's analog-sounding software offers vintage compressors and EQs from the likes of Joe Meek. Super-warm! I was using George Neumann EQs and compressors from an old German mastering console, but these are far more suitable for computer music. Portable, and great sound for the money! *David Brown*

2. Synthetic Pleasures

For overall production, we use Ableton Live with an Apple G5. It's the best software for making music. An analog-collector friend asked me what I had used to produce this beautiful sound and I said Ableton—he didn't believe me! The basslines should be fat and heavy, so we use the Roland SH09 for most sounds, but we've recently been using soft synths too: from Korg, Moog, and Arturia's Prophet V. Killer! *David Brown*

3. Analog Arsenal

Feeding sounds through analog effects certainly gives them a different feel. TC Electronic Powercore processors have super-powerful effects with a built-in DSP chip. Great-sounding reverbs, delays, filters, and Urei compressors—it's as good as the real thing. We like to use pedals, too. We have used Boss delays for 10 years. More recently we've been using the Alesis Metavox—it's designed for vocoder-style voices, but we use it for processing whole tracks. Sounds sick! Distorted madness. *David Brown*



4. Night Vibes

Electronics always sound better at night. I don't know why, but they do. I like to work at night! *David Brown*

5. Loop-O Guru

See Loop-O (a.k.a. Andres Lubich) from Dubplates & Mastering in Berlin—truly a master. It's amazing what he brings out of a track! You think something sounds good, but then he multiplies that goodness by 10! His mastering techniques are vital to any budding music-maker. Home-mastering can be fine, but go to a session and see what these guys do! Loop-O is the finest I have heard—a true scientist. *David Brown*



Clockwise from top: Arturia Prophet V, Ableton Live 6, Focusrite Liquid Mix



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NO PAIN, ALL GAIN

iKey M-Series M-808 Studio Monitors
MSRP: \$375 per pair; www.ikey-audio.com

Not to hate on M-Audio's or Alesis' monitors, but they have a little way to go when pitted against the iKey M-Series **M-808s**. These 8" maniacs are packed with 125 watts of distortion-free, bi-amplified power; connect via XLR, TRS, or RCA; and are about as balanced and crisp as any \$600-plus competitor. After hooking these somewhat-bulky monitors up to my M-Audio Studiophiles (desktop speakers retailing at over half the price of the M-808s), my once decent-sounding mini studio turned into an audiophile's sonic lair. In addition to (almost excessive) volume, the adjustable HF cut/boost control exposed slight noises and other unwanted sounds in my productions that snuck past compression. They're not necessarily the ideal setup for an apartment-studio situation (the temptation to let the volume loose is always present), but the M-808s are perfect for any budget-bound producer or landlord-free DJ. *Fred Miketa*



ROUND TWO

Steinberg Sequel Production Software
MSRP: \$99; www.steinberg.net

Steinberg's **Sequel** software could be viewed as the PC user's GarageBand, except it's Mac-friendly as well. Complete with a single screen, über-intuitive interface (nicely sectioned off into zones) with 5000 loops and over 600 instruments, Sequel is ideal for aspiring producers or little brothers eager to enter radhood. Although easy and affordable, this 6GB memory eater has its drawbacks. It can't accept third-party plug-ins or host video (unlike GarageBand), and its effects are also extremely limited (with the exception of basic EQ, Chorus, Delay, and the like). Additionally, some of the loops and instruments may be too diverse (even the youngest novice may be turned off by the awful Metal loops). But with the ability to record eight tracks at a time, import samples, and quickly map through the interface without racking your brain on message boards, Sequel is easily worth its meager price. *Fred Miketa*



BEAT CAMP

HowAudio GarageBand 3 Training DVD
MSRP: \$29.95; www.howaudio.com

Apple's GarageBand has evolved immensely over its three-year lifespan. The Logic Audio relative now boasts video-podcast integration and other stellar recording features. GarageBand 3 was released in 2006 and I'm still catching up to its enhancements, but HowAudio's **GarageBand 3 Training DVD** helps demystify the program. Producer Jeff Dykhouse walks you through recording techniques, arranging a song, recording live instruments, editing and mixing tracks, adding special effects, podcasting, and distributing your compositions via the Internet. The DVD features Dykhouse's narration with action taking place in the GarageBand window, and thoroughly covers important information: there's over an hour of overview information, 40 minutes devoted to recording, and 25 to podcasting. For Mac users who want to harness GarageBand 3's creative muscle, HowAudio gives you the reigns. *Tomas Palermo*



THE CLIX RHAPSODY COMES OUT SWINGING HARD IN ROUND TWO.

RHAP ATTACK

iRiver Clix Rhapsody
MSRP: \$149-\$250; www.iriver.com

The first iRiver Clix jumped out last year as the only real competition to the iPod Nano. Now flatter, thinner, brighter, and gigs bigger, the **Clix Rhapsody** comes out swinging hard in round two. The Clix's amazing screen lends itself to video playback and Flash games alongside the usual tunes, which come through in sharp detail thanks to a superb audio chip and (bless you, iRiver engineers) dedicated volume buttons. The RealNetworks Rhapsody software is a mostly competent competitor to iTunes, and digging into its sometimes confusing interface is rewarded with perks like Rhapsody Channels, which open a, er, river of constantly updated new tracks onto your player. *Rob Geary*



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GUITAR HERO

IK Multimedia AmpliTube Jimi Hendrix plug-in
MSRP: \$249; www.amplitude.com

It's almost impossible to remember a time when audio modification was purely analog, achieved via an elaborate array of amplifier heads, fuzz pedals, and microphones. But there's a reason why we're still listening to the music of 40 years ago: so much of today's music is overly refined, recorded with click tracks and edited for longer than it took to make the album. Finally AmpliTube and Authentic Hendrix join forces to release a product that completely recreates the guitar rig used by the '60s rock legend for the **AmpliTube Jimi Hendrix** plug-in. With four amp heads, seven cabinets, nine stomp boxes, four rack modules, and nine microphones, the system's possibilities for distortion are endless. Prepare to make your guitar scream, your drums downright dirty, and your synths shriek with terror, as you tweak with the tools that made the legend. *Praxis*



PUREMAGNETIK MAKES SOUND SENSE FOR ABLETON GEEKS

GET LIVE

Puremagnetik Microdrum Volume 1 plug-ins for Ableton Live
MSRP: \$18 each, \$5.75 monthly subscription;
www.puremagnetik.com

Here's a trend that's catching on: subscription-based software companies that custom-build plug-ins and instrument kits for specific DAWs. Puremagnetik is one such company that caters to Ableton Live users, and man do they have some cool expansion packs! Available as monthly downloads or one-off purchases (after registration), Puremagnetik's offerings include sample/plug-in collections like Analog Bass Volume 1 (B-303, MiniMoog, Doepfer Modular sounds) or RackPak (audio effects, sculpting tools, and beat choppers). I tried out **Microdrum Volume 1**, which includes Impulse drum-sampler-mapped percussion menus and 50 Groovetrack Live clips. Ableton's pre-bundled sound collections are fairly limited (very few crash cymbals, for example), but Microdrum filled my need for percussive variety with an enormous selection of crisp-sounding and easily molded acoustic drums, bongos, congas, *djembes*, and claves. With future packs to include Moog and Wurliizer sample sets, Puremagnetik makes sound sense for Ableton geeks. *Tomas Palermo*



ETY LITES

Etymotic ety8 Wireless Noise-Isolating Earphones
with iPod adapter
MSRP: \$299; www.etymotic.com

Etymotic knows sound isolation better than anyone else, and when it comes to in-ear stage monitoring, their earphones are almost always the ones professionals turn to. So it's great that with the **ety8** set of wireless noise-isolators, the company is bringing its top-notch technology even further into the mass-consumer market. The ety8s' sound is still impeccable, and the Bluetooth tech proves to be quite adept at transferring every sound clearly, with great response on both the highs and lows. What I didn't care for was the lack of comfort and the somewhat dorky/cyborgian look of the bulky in-ear units. When you've got little control pad-surface devices sticking out of your ears, you tend to look awfully foolish (and feel more than a bit awkward) messing around with them. *Ken Taylor*



HARD CORE

Apple iPhone Multimedia Device
MSRP: \$499-\$599; www.apple.com

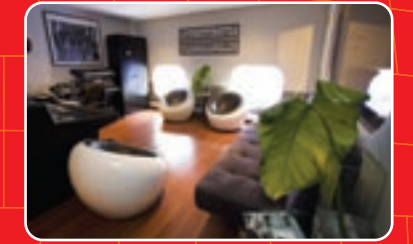
Bracing myself against the whirlwind of hype, which seemed to be centered here in San Francisco, I initially thought I was impervious to Apple's **iPhone**. But, as fate would have it, I caved instantly and gobbled up an 8GB version. Initially the sleek shape and touch-screen interface were mind-blowing; I felt like the recipient of technology brought forth from *The Man Who Fell to Earth*. But once my David Bowie fantasies subsided, I noticed there were more than a few flaws with this v.1 device. Where was the to-do list that lends sanity to my days? How come the battery goes flat in 24 hours? Why can't I copy and paste text? For now I'm patiently loving my iPhone for what it is, and I'm sure they'll upgrade the software and tweak away, but if you're not obsessed with glimpsing alien technology then wait for the next round. *Andrew Smith*

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GRIDIRON BEATDOWN

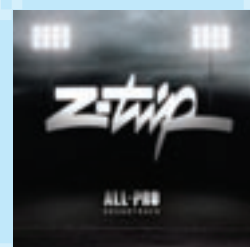
From *Moon Patrol* to Rick Rubin, what's on legendary DJ Z-Trip's mind as his soundtrack for *All-Pro Football 2K8* hits the streets.

WORDS RYAN RAYHILL PHOTO EMILY ELIZABETH

With massive club tours, headlining spots at Coachella, and an opening gig for the Rolling Stones, DJ Z-Trip has had one hell of a ride since hitting it big with the now infamous mash-up classic *Uneasy Listening Vol. 1* in 2001.

Now, the busy DJ and producer talks to *XLBR* about his involvement with 2K Sports' *All-Pro Football 2K8* (Xbox 360, PlayStation 3), which not only features classic players like Dan Marino, Barry Sanders, and Mike Singletary but also an album's worth of tracks produced and mixed by Z-Trip himself.

IN HIS OWN WORDS



ON HOW ALL-PRO FOOTBALL 2K8 CAME TOGETHER:

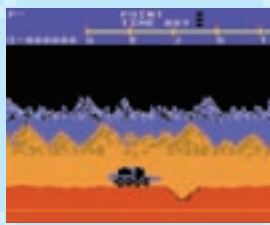
Tim Rosa over at 2K Sports was a fan and used to check me out back in the day. Originally they just wanted me to do more mixing stuff, like when I play live, but we ran into some sample issues so I ended up doing a hybrid of everything—mixing, remixing, and producing some original stuff. They are

bringing back all the old players, and to be involved in a game that is on a revolutionary tip is kinda dope. They could have gotten whomever the fuck they wanted, so it's very maverick-like for them to use someone like me instead of someone that might have been more 'expected.'

ON CHOOSING GUEST ARTISTS AND STYLES:

It's a football game, so I had to approach it from the angle of wanting to tackle somebody, which is a little more aggressive than I would normally do. At the same time I wanted something you could nod your head to, that's why I have counterparts to all

the MCs, like Deftones, Clutch, and Dub Trio. But as far as the MCs go, I really wanted to work with MCs that I'm a fan of and respect so having people like **Gift of Gab**, Rakim, and Dead Prez on the record is a bonus for me. Rock riffs with MCs—Rick Rubin-style.



ON GAMING HABITS:

I'm the guy that used to roll around with a pocket full of quarters, trying to get my *Moon Patrol* or *Galaga* on. With trying to bang shit out in the studio, if I have any off-time chances are I'm trying to grab food or a couple hours' sleep. But there are some

games I just have to take the time for—like *The Warriors*. As a guy who knows all the words to the movie, I almost took a couple weeks of vacation time to finish the fucker. But on tour is where I'll have a lot of catch-up time to play a lot of the newer games.

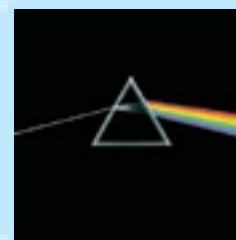


ON TOURING A VIDEOGAME SOUNDTRACK:

We're going on tour for the soundtrack to *All-Pro Football 2K8* and we'll be out a little over a month. It's going to be me, Gift of Gab, Aceyalone, my old homie Tricky T from Arizona, as well as a live drummer and a visual crew—the whole thing.



ON FUTURE SURPRISE COLLABORATIONS:



Eventually I'll start working with some bands and produce one or two. Maybe try and reinvent an old cat. UB40. Tool. Whoever. As long as I have a connection with them musically or can take them down a road they've never been. That's when really good music is made, when you're doing something that isn't tried-and-true. That's when you come up with **Dark Side of the Moon**.

Z-Trip Presents: *All-Pro 2K8 the Soundtrack* (Decon) and *All-Pro Football 2K8* (2K Sports) are out now. www.djztrip.com, www.2ksports.com



loading...

XLR8R picks the hottest videogames and gear of the month.

WORDS: RYAN RAYHILL



With tremendous metallic boots to fill, **Halo 3** (Microsoft; Xbox 360) not only meets expectations, it obliterates them. The solo game is stepped up to crazy new levels with the continuation of the series' epic story, ill new weapons, and unbelievable visual presentation. But it's the video capture/edit mode that is going to keep this monster around a very long time.

Starring perhaps the foxiest videogame vixen ever, who also just happens to only have a few days to live (hot), the beautiful **Heavenly Sword** (Sony; PS3) hits the PS3 exclusively this month with more neck-twisting and gut-ripping than you can shake a morally upright fist at.

Already a big hit in Japan, **Jam Sessions** (Ubisoft; DS), a virtual-guitar simulator that isn't just *Guitar Hero* in your pocket, lets you not only experiment with the speed of various in-game tracks but also includes a "free jam" mode, allowing you to record and play back your own music on the fly.

The totally trippy **Dewy's Adventure** (Konami; Wii) has you manipulate the titular water glob's environment as he slips and slides around, transforming into both rock-hard ice and an electrified storm cloud. Leave it to the innovative Wii to make a smiling rain drop fun to play with.

Set 200 years in the future, **Fatal Inertia's** (Koei; Xbox 360) hyper-realistic racing puts NASCAR to shame with a lightning-fast hovercraft that use physics to alter the lush environments, creating both shortcuts for you and deadly hazards for your opponents.

Depending on how you look at it, **Eternal Sonata** (Namco Bandai; Xbox 360) is either extremely creative, or extremely

depressing. It centers around the idea that three hours before he died of tuberculosis, composer Frédéric Chopin dreamed of a fantastical world where those with terminal disease also possess powerful magic. Weird but moving.

Everyone's favorite French heroine is reborn, anime-style, in **Jeanne D'Arc** (Sony; PSP), a portable strategy game that sees the Hundred Years War meeting... a demon invasion. Sure, why not?

The city of San Vanelona (an amalgam of San Francisco, Vancouver, and Barcelona) beckons you to test your board skills in **Skate** (EA; Xbox 360, PS3). With a never-before-seen control scheme, camera angles that dynamically adjust to your performance, and a video-recording mode, the game also features jams from Rick Ross, Z-Trip, and a brand new recording from the Sex Pistols (WTF?) making the soundtrack almost as wild as the game itself.

Perhaps a little more appealing than the doo doo-brown version of Microsoft's portable media center, the **Halo 3 Limited Edition Zune** (Microsoft) comes packed with all manner of goodies from *Halo*, *Halo 2*, and *Halo 3* including music and video.

The Wii controller eats through batteries like Takeru Kobayashi does a Nathan's. To help quell this issue, the **T-ChargeAll NW** from Thrustmaster (we thought of all the jokes already, so don't bother) thankfully combines both a charging station and an organizer into one compact unit. Yeah, unit.

1. **HEAVENLY SWORD (NINJA THEORY LTD.)**
2. **SKATE'S CITY OF SAN VANELONA**
3. **DEWY'S ADVENTURE**
4. **T-CHARGEALL NW**

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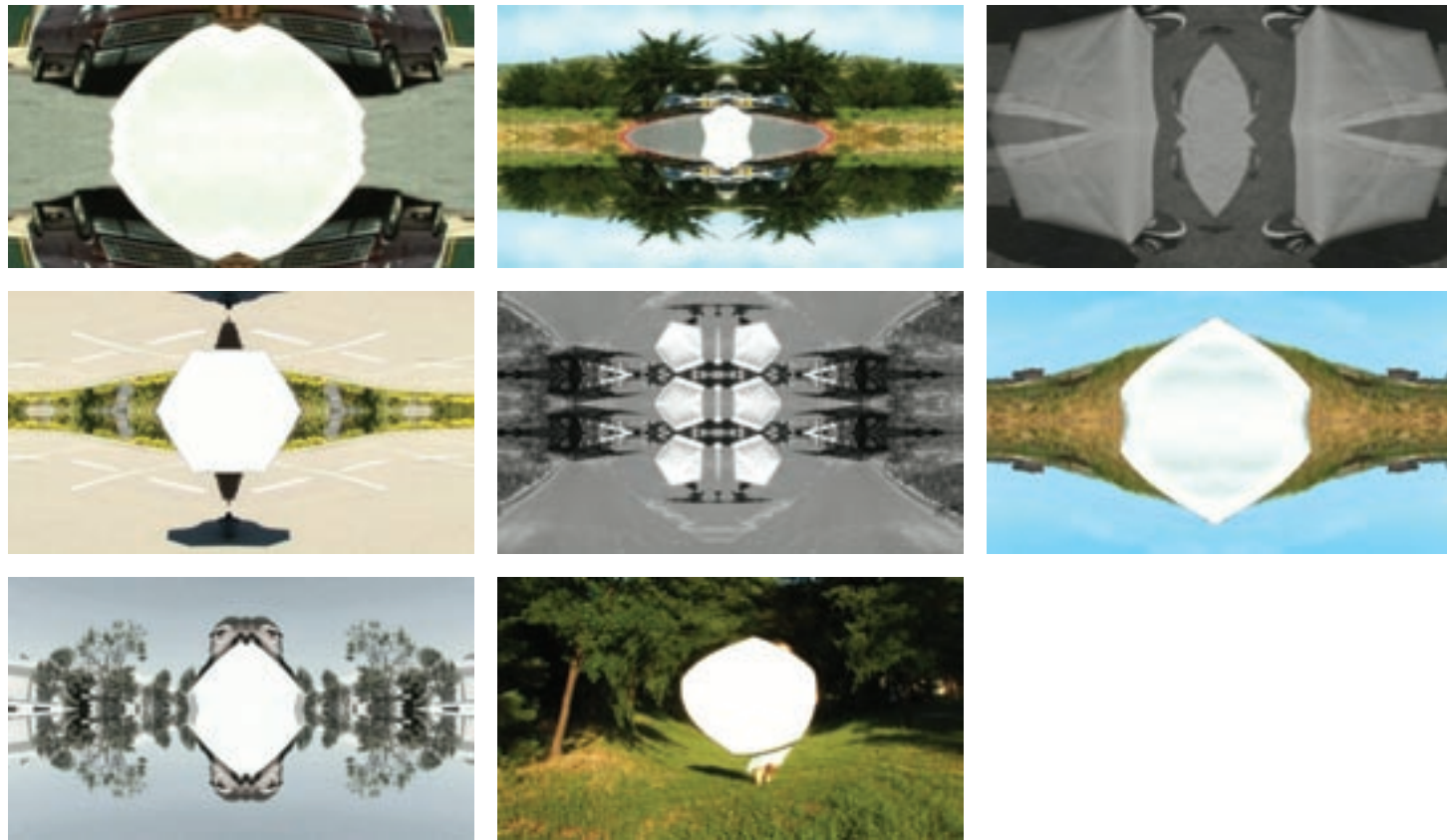
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VIS-ED: MIKE PARÉ

A NOR-CAL HIPPIE KID PENCILS MYSTICAL DELIGHT ALL OVER THE NEW YORK ART WORLD.
WORDS BRIANNA POPE & KEN TAYLOR IMAGES MIKE PARÉ



Mike Paré grew up in the suburbs of the Bay Area with parents who encouraged him to draw pictures of their favorite bands (like Led Zeppelin). These days, the New York-based illustrator, filmmaker, and designer is most interested in furthering the mysterious New Energy Movement, and takes inspiration from all manner of things, both earthly and otherworldly. In his video *Transmagon #5*, geometric shapes drift down city streets on skateboards, slowly merging into a psychedelic kaleidoscopic trip. Those shapes crop up in many of his works, superimposed over protesters in *Pentagon Rising*, an homage to the Yippies' attempts to levitate the Pentagon during an anti-Vietnam War rally, or acting as op-art vortexes in the back of the mosh-pit scene in *untitled (DMR)*, 2004. Paré's imagery may bounce between depictions of serene public gatherings and monstrously dark scenes more suited to the bottom of a skate deck, but his mixed-media explorations of youth culture are always introspective and poignant. Here's a look inside Paré's peaceful protest.

www.mikepare.com

When did you start drawing?

Since before I could write. One of the first art things I remember is when I was really young, I crawled up and got some dried spaghetti out of the cupboard. And I broke it up into different sizes and organized them all into different patterns and stuff...

Is drawing still your main medium?

Yeah, definitely since I moved to New York it has been. When I first moved here, that's all I had the room to do. It was just an economical way of working.

You do so many different things: hats, clothing, toy design, prints, videos, play guitar and sing in two bands, DJ... Did you make a conscious effort to get into other projects, or do you just roll with the creativity as it comes?

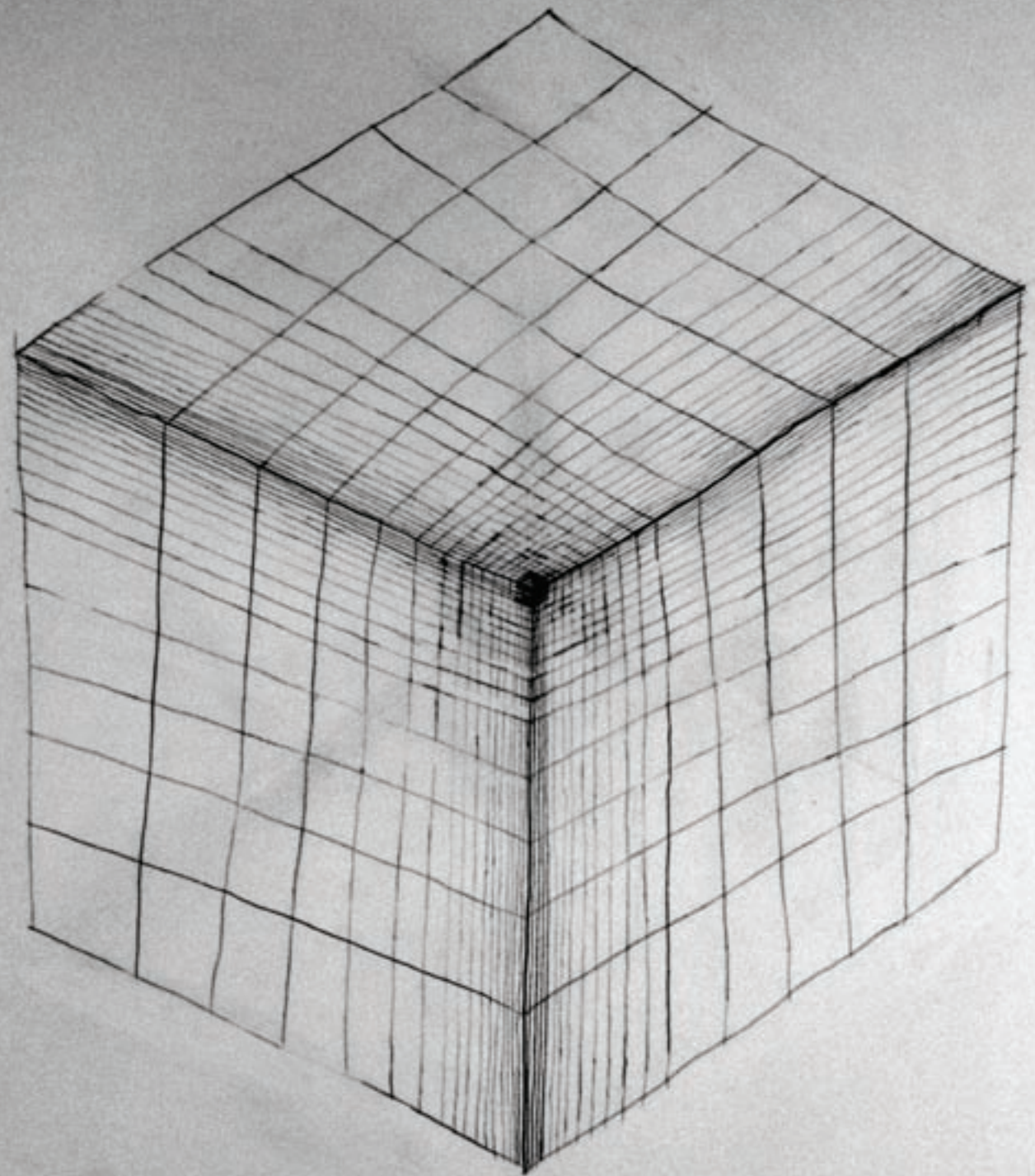
It's more like 'whatever it takes.' If the idea starts turning into a video, that's the way it starts. The last few videos have been like that. The video will come out of or be influenced by a series of drawings. And I think that carries through all

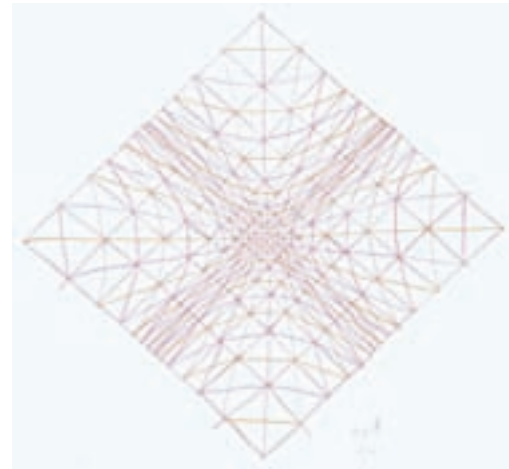
ABOVE

Stills from *Transmagon #5* video; *Version #1* was first shown at the *Cosmic Wonder* exhibit at the Yerba Buena Center for the Arts in San Francisco, 2006.

RIGHT

Impure Cube #2, Mike Paré exclusive for *XLR8R* Vis-Ed, 2007





these videos that I've made; that they started with an idea that came from drawing.

What's the hardest thing for you to draw?

At this point I try to pick things that are really hard to draw, so everything is hard. If it's not, I try to make it harder by doing things like shifting the tone in areas selectively. (It's kind of hard to describe in words. It's easier to show you in a drawing.) You can [tend to] repeat yourself if you make something really good. And that's something I try to avoid falling into.

Is there some relevance in depicting retro themes in modern times?

I don't really think they're retro because their sentiment has never really gone away. I mean,

people still play acoustic guitars, you know? People still sit on the ground Indian-style. It's not like it's something so incredibly retro. Some [of my drawings] kind of start out as jokes, then turn out to be more serious than I thought they were. Like, I had this one friend pose with all these crystals, but it was actually pretty cool and kind of made us both feel good. We're playing with these quartz crystals and amethysts and burning sage just to get these images. Then when we did it we thought it was really great, and the images came out really good, too.

What role does color play in your art? I'm thinking particularly about *Guitar Lesson*.

That's one where I made a really hard drawing. If you look at that, there's variations

in the tone. That's a good one to look at 'cause there's these thick squares that come out from the center of the drawing. I did the color first. Almost always I do the color first, then I go in and add the photographic image afterward.

So you did the geometric shape first?

Yeah, and I make a lot of these abstract pieces that are either starting points or accents for some of these other drawings. I might have an idea of something, like, "Oh, this really needs to have this big splash coming out of this guy's eyeball." So then I'll make the splashy part and then I'll do the guy afterward. But a lot of times I'll set myself up with some paint and just make a bunch of abstract things. I've been doing that the last

couple of years so now I'm starting to get this body of work that's just abstract; it doesn't have any photographic imagery and that's nice to work on.

With *Melissa*, did you do the target first?

In that case, I did the target after the drawing. I made those prints in Zurich when I got invited to go to this weeklong workshop to just make prints at this really old lithography workshop. There were these huge lithography stones that I was working on [to print] this drawing of Melissa. And the guy who was printing it said, "Hey, why don't we add some color to it like you do in some of your other drawings?" So it was set up in this giant 100-year-old press and I'm leaning over with this brush that will etch into the stone and allow us to print another color. I'm working right on the stone while it was in the press. We only made a small batch of those ones.

How do you make something like *Mandala*?

Usually I start from the center and work my way out. There's no rulers involved or anything like that. But I've been working on different ways of making them, too. Again, how I keep it interesting is to try to figure out different ways to make the same thing that might be more difficult or challenging or more fun.

Do you look at a checkerboard pattern for help?

No, it's just out of my brain; I just figure it out. It's just like, you make the squares at the edge of the pattern a little bit bigger every time and the whole thing just gets bigger. It's kind of one of those stoner doodle things.

I hate to break it to you, but I think these are a little more than "stoner doodles."

But that's where it starts!

OPPOSITE PAGE, CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT
Mandala #2 edit, pencil on paper, 2007
Mandala #5, pencil on paper, 2007
Melissa 1, lithography print made in Zurich at J.E. Wolfensberger, December 2006
Crystal Healing, album artwork for the rock group GHQ, pencil on paper, 2007

ABOVE
Guitar Lesson, which was made into a t-shirt for 2K/Gingham, 2007



FINE & DANDY

OSCAR WILDE IN A TALL TEE? UNTHINKABLE!

Luxury streetwear is evolving like hip-hop in the '90s, and we're about to hit the coffee-table illbient part. Not that DJ Spooky is rolling out a line of well-researched tall tees, but there's a revived term floating around that I'm sure he'd love to give a lecture on: dandyism. Or rather *new* dandyism, as Chris Torres, Reebok sneaker designer and creator of the blog *NewDandyism.com*, puts it. According to Torres, "Street couture [is] a false label geared towards getting money out of kids' pockets—true luxury is about quality, not exclusivity." Fair enough. But since when can you pay to become a dandy?

The definition of a dandy usually begins with Oscar Wilde and Beau Brummell—rebel figures from the 1800s who revolutionized men's clothing by being complete fucking *dicks*. Brummell is most famous for saying, "Who's your fat friend?" to King George IV (then just a lowly prince, *tee hee!*); Wilde was a jack-of-all-trades author, style maven, and sexual crusader. Since their deaths, both men have been endlessly imitated; their most famous quotes tattooed on art students' knuckles, their likenesses portrayed in Lifetime movie specials where people say shit like "incorrigible."

Whatever a dandy is today is far less straightforward, although the definition I prefer comes from *GQ* Style Guy and NYC punk icon Glenn O'Brien. In his words, "A dandy in the truest sense... is a philosopher who uses style to express himself, to bring about political and

social change. A dandy is not a fop, but an artist of living."

I wonder if O'Brien ever expected "artists of living" to become a viable marketing demographic? Considering it doesn't take much to be an artist these days, becoming a dandy has become kind of easy. Momus, a musician, writer, and real-life dandy who wears stuff most "new" dandies wouldn't be caught dead in, once said, "In the future, everyone will be famous for 15 people," and as it turns out, he was right: Technically speaking, practically anyone with a MySpace blog is an artist of living—they get more kudos than I've gotten in three years of writing.

"NewDandyism is a brand," says Torres. "It's a lifestyle and a point of view. Dandyism resonates with young men today because there has been a reemergence of this attitude... The term was picked to market to men that are looking for alternatives, not just the stuff you see on the blogs and streetwear sites."

However, not all of Torres'

contemporaries agree with all the coffee-table intellectualism. "This whole dandyism/streetwear thing... that's some goofy shit right there," says Bob Kronbauer, designer of the infamous Crownfarmer clothing line. "With most clothing concepts there's something that the designers draw on, be it 'Dandyism' or whatever. Consumers don't need to be so close to it, though; that's what I think is so weird about this."

Kronbauer is right—this new-dandyism thing is some goofy shit. Lifting the proverbial curtain on street couture isn't too different from DJ Spooky's table-of-contents musical theoreticisms: The content feels more like a better-dressed hustle than real enlightenment. But if mock intellectuals are what we need to rid the world of pajama-top hoodies and 10-block lines outside of Supreme, then so be it. I just hope we don't confuse *new* dandies with the real thing—I've already had all the illbient I can take.

www.newdandyism.com

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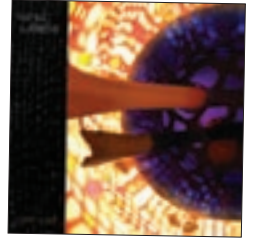
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